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INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE



WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



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VOL. 11—No. 45.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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YOU are thinking of a Christmas present for a friend or friends. What more fitting than to subscribe for him or her or them for the *Mirror* for one year? In that way you may delightfully recall to him or her or them your interest fifty-two times between now and next Christmas. For two dollars you can have a pleasant remembrance of yourself thus recalled every week. If you like the *Mirror*, the people you like will surely like it.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Vest to the Rescue—Restricted Suffrage and Representation—A Neat Blow—The Goodness and Badness of Women—Wells and Others—Suppress the Lady Manager—Small Salaries and Stealing—Missouri Democracy Convicted—Condemned by Nancies—Henley and Stevenson—Phases of Labor Unionism—Vile Street Car Service—Nuisance—The Jews and Consumption—The Woman—One Word—Butler Against Hawes, Etc., Etc.	1-5
WASHINGTON DOINGS: Democratic Leadership—Foraker and Hanna—Pork—The Chevalier and the Lady. By Asbestos.	5
NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN: By S. O. Howes	5-6
OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE: Its Value Apart From Religious Considerations.	6-7
PARIS CHILDREN'S FRIEND: By John F. MacDonald	7
A FEMININE ATLAS: By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow	7
THE PRISON: Poem. By Arthur Symons.	7
HENLEY AND STEVENSON: By George French	8
WOOLING A WIFE: Story. By John H. Raftery	8-9
WORLD'S FAIR PROGRESS: By W. L. C.	10
SOCIETY.	11
NEW BOOKS.	12-13
MUSIC.	14

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

M R. ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S volume, "SONNETS TO A WIFE," has run through its first edition. There are very few copies remaining unsold. A second edition will be run off in the next fortnight. The fact that the first edition has been exhausted has sent copies to a premium. Therefore, each volume in the next issue will be plainly marked "second edition" to prevent

frauds upon collectors of "firsts." The second edition will be a reproduction of the first, with some minor corrections by Mr. McGaffey.

THE IMITATOR.

THE MIRROR'S anonymous story-satire of high, social, artistic and dramatic life in Gotham, THE IMITATOR, will be published, barring accidents, about Christmas time. Orders will be entered as received and filled in regular sequence. The price of the volume will be \$1.25.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE November, December and January issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS will be issued after New Year's and the numbers will be of especial interest.

REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE received the following letter:

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William Marion Reedy,
St. Louis, Mo.,

Sir: I enclose you Ten cents to pay for the over number of the MIRROR you have sent me after the expiration of my sub. time. I have been a reader of the MIRROR for many years—now that Booker and you have become Dinners with Roosevelt I want no more of it.

Yours,
A. E. Ashbury.

O FOR a Republican leader,—a real leader—in Missouri, now!

Vest to the Rescue

JUST watch out now for a resurrection of George G. Vest as a candidate to succeed himself in the Senate. A man such as he, honest, brave, great, an ex-Confederate, is needed to save the situation. Without him in the field the Cardwell incident will smash the party and send a Republican to the United States Senate. Already the St. Louis Republic prints correspondence on its editorial page to show that Senator Vest's health is improving and he is getting stronger. Vest is the man that must be sacrificed to save a corrupt party. Behind his honesty and genius, the crooks and dubs hope to attain to a farther lease of power. And if the campaign should kill Senator Vest it would leave a vacancy for Dickery-Dockery to fill, and Dickery-Dockery would fill it by appointing David R. Francis.

Restricted Suffrage and Representation

THE question of cutting down the South's representation in Congress to a number corresponding with the reduction of the voting population, caused by disfranchising the negro, is certain to come up in Washington in some manner during the next few months. The extreme Northern view of this question is put forth by the Rochester Post-Express. That paper argues that the Constitution of the United States provides that when the right to vote for Representatives in Congress is denied by any State to any of the male inhabitants of such State over twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, "the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male

citizens twenty-one years of age in such State." In nearly all the Southern states the negroes are now barred from the suffrage, but the Southern States declare that they will not submit to the penalty provided in the Constitution. In the opinion of many Republicans in the North, the penalty should be inflicted and the representation of the Southern States should be reduced. The Post-Express then says: "It is exceedingly unfortunate that the Southern people take an untenable and irritating position on this question. If they do not want to allow the negroes to vote, they ought to be willing to accept the penalty laid down in the Constitution, but they declare that they will bar the negro and still insist that no negro shall be counted in the population. Of course a reduction in Southern representation would mean a reduction in the vote of the South in the Electoral College, and the South does not want to submit to that. But how can Congress remain indifferent to the plain mandate of the Constitution?" This would seem to be conclusive, but not so much so after reading the Southern argument. That argument has nowhere been better presented than in a recent editorial in the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, one of the most influential papers in the United States. "The South has been painfully removing the black peril by a device of New England manufacture," says the Commercial-Appeal, and it cites that in 1857, Massachusetts decided to adopt an educational qualification for the purpose of "disfranchising" the Irish, Germans and French-Canadians who were coming within her boundaries. But this would have affected certain Massachusetts illiterates; so an exception to the operation of the educational qualification was made with the result that only foreigners were affected. Other New England States adopted similar devices. "Nothing was ever said about reducing the representation of any New England States on this account," says the Commercial-Appeal, and it proceeds to set forth the general acceptance of the fact that a State has a right to impose an educational or property qualification, or to place other safeguards around the ballot, such as registration or the payment of poll tax. If an educational qualification does disfranchise voters, in the legal sense of the word, then all States which impose any restrictions upon the exercise of the franchise are liable to have their representation reduced. In most States of the Union a man must register before he can vote. If he fails to do so, he is "disfranchised." In some States he must have a certain amount of property. In Tennessee, he must not only pay his poll tax, but he must produce his poll tax receipt—or other satisfactory evidence—to show that the tax is paid. In Vermont, the voter must satisfy certain district boards that he is a proper and fit man to vote. In nearly all States he must conform with the provisions of the Australian ballot system. Now, as a matter of fact, all these things cut down the vote. The secret ballot, the poll tax, the registration system, even the open printed ballot system, "disfranchise" a considerable number of citizens. The Southern paper asserts that the only question involved is whether the imposition of an educational qualification is unconstitutional. No one from New England claims this. When a State adopts such a qualification it reduces the vote, deprives a certain number of citizens of the franchise. If it is unconstitutional, it is because of this fact. "But," continues the Commercial-Appeal, "three or four Southern States, taking counsel of Massachusetts and Connecticut, imposed an educational qualification, but excepted certain persons from the operation of the disqualification. The New England device, modified into the 'grandfather clause' in the South, has deprived the black illiterates of the franchise, but has not 'disfranchised' the white illiterates. The New England scheme hit at the Irish, Germans and French-Canadians. The Southern scheme hit at the ignorant blacks." The argu

ment then develops along the line of urging an educational qualification, which might be objected to on the ground that it disfranchised certain citizens; but an exception to the educational provision, which prevented certain persons from being disfranchised, is not open to a legal objection. It is the disfranchising act that is open to the Constitutional objection, and not the act which does not disfranchise. If, therefore, the Constitution has been violated it has been violated by every State that has imposed an educational or property qualification, or a poll tax, or has adopted a registration system, or the Australian ballot system. The MIRROR is free to say that the *Commercial-Appeal's* logic is strong and that it is supported by a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court approving of disfranchisement that does not specify the disqualifications of blacks as blacks. This brings the matter down to a straightforward issue whether there shall be any restriction whatever of the franchise. If the blacks can be disfranchised for their color, disqualifications may possibly be devised on other accounts, such as religion, or the holding of certain social or economic views, as, say, anarchy. The tendency of reaction against unrestricted manhood suffrage is not one to be encouraged in any way, in the MIRROR's opinion. The only undeniably valid disqualification arises in the case of a person convicted of treason or other high crime. Once started in the direction of prescribing qualifications for voters, there is no telling how soon we may come to a proposition to establish a property qualification. The MIRROR believes in unrestricted manhood suffrage, but if there are to be restrictions, then the States establishing the restrictions should be represented in Congress on a basis of the actually voting population, not on the basis of a population, a greater proportion of which is denied the franchise. If the votes are cut down the representation should be cut down. The *Commercial-Appeal's* argument does not refute that proposition.

A Neat Blow

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is evidently a "bear" on Steel Trust securities. He would not take them as a basis of endowment of Mr. Carnegie's national university for scientific research. Verily, he is "unsafe." Truly he doubts the ability of Morgan, Rockefeller *et al.* to give perpetual value to paper that represents much wind and more water. The President will take nothing but government bonds or cash. Is this another insidious assault upon the Hanna syndicate that thought it had shelved Roosevelt in the Vice-Presidency? Is this erraticism? It would seem to be all those things, to the steel trust crowd; but to the great body of the American people, the President seems to have been wise in "looking a gift horse in the mouth." The plutocracy sneers at the President's caution, but the day is not far off when the value of the rejected securities in the open market will justify the President's course. The President, in this action, landed squarely on the solar plexus of the trust and made it at least very "groggy." It was beautifully done, and without multitudinous words.

The Goodness and Badness of Women

A NEW YORK magistrate says that women lie more than men. It may not be true, but if it be true, there is an explanation. A lie is the device, ordinarily, of the weak against the strong, of the oppressed against the oppressor. If women lie it is because they have been taught to fear men. If women lie it is mainly because they have been suppressed for ages. If they lie to one another, nine times out of ten, they do so to protect their husbands or brothers or fathers or to exalt them in the opinion of others. The worst form of lying women are not as much addicted to, as are men, that is, lying to themselves. And on the broad general proposition that women lie more than men the fair minded man can only consent to the dictum on the theory that women lie more because they talk more. Women do not, lie for lie, lie more to women, than men do to men, in business and in the daily round of life. Women do not lie to men one-tenth as much as men lie to women. The trouble is that men believe women, while women

only pretend to believe men. Women may be swayed by emotions of various sorts in narrating facts. They may exaggerate, or they may see only particular phases of incidents or issues. They rarely lie to injure others, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. They gossip, but at least half their gossip they get from their husbands. They speak the truth as often as men do, and they suppress it oftener where it would do harm. The false woman, so called, is false because she is true to some false conception of truth. Women are not worse gossips than men; they are not worse liars than men, though, from woman's peculiar inscrutability, they may be better liars than men. The woman who lies does so through fear of tyranny. The man who lies will lie for meaner things, for money, for a good appearance before men, for self pride and vanity. Let us have an end of all this gabble about women being essentially different from men. They are very much the same, on the average, and when they have a fair show they will be much better than men in every way, as they are now in many ways. There never has been a bad woman in history that had not for cause of badness some man or other. If the same applies to bad men, as some have asserted, it only proves that men and women are as good and as bad as their association together on this planet permits or compels them to be. The woman question is the bane that it is, simply because so many men and women cherish the delusion that each sex has virtues or vices which the other has not. Virtue and vice know no gender. The worst vices are those that require a little of both genders for their completion. Good women live up to a common ideal, an ideal of both women and men. Bad women lapse from that common ideal. Women are not exactly the angels that some would picture them. Men are not so bad as they are sometimes painted. Both have the same weaknesses. Women are better than men, only to the extent that they must be better in order that, having the main care of the progeny of men and women, there may be a transmission of preponderating good in the generations to follow. Women's goodness is not exactly an imposition from man's will, nor is it wholly an impulse of their own. They are good because men want them to be so, to a great extent. They are bad, when they are, for the same reason. These two propositions apply, with modifications not extensive, to men as well. Men are not as universally bad nor women as universally good as the chivalric tradition would insist. In brief, women are not a special creation.

Wells and Others

CONTRAST the Missouri State brand of Democracy with that city brand of Democracy to which the State machine seriously objects! Compare Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis, with the gang that was shown up in the Cardwell case. Compare the way in which Rolla Wells goes at the tetanus inquiry with the manner in which the State gang hedged and dodged in the matter of investigating the State's finances. Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis, is the sort of man that excites the antipathy of all ringsters and crooks. Rolla Wells ranks in the same class with Roosevelt and Seth Low and Jerome and other politicians with whom politics is not the synonym of all kinds of corruption.

Suppress the Lady Manager

It has probably been observed that the St. Louis World's Fair has a Board of Lady Managers, one of whom will not serve actively while too many of the others can manage everything but their tempers and their tongues. During the Chicago World's Fair there was a similar situation in a similar institution. It is too much if we are to be again bored by Lady Managers. If the Chicago scenes are to be repeated it will be in order for some one to arise and object to the use of the word "lady" in the premises. If we are to be regaled with the spectacle of sputtering and snarling muliebreous melees at every meeting, there will be a public manifestation of disgust that will do no good to the good elements that are to be found in the so-called woman-movement. The stridency of the female, even when a

lady, is not indicative of great mentality. Of course, now we've been burdened with a Board of Lady Managers, we must make the best of it, but the National World's Fair Commission and the local management should adopt some measures to spare us a repetition of the affliction of the Board of Lady Managers, at Chicago, in 1893.

Small Salaries and Stealing

PERENNIAL letters, like the one here appended are directed to newspaper editors:

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Referring to the case of the young man who defaulted at the Continental Bank, don't you think the bank officials and officers of other corporations, who pay such paltry salaries, should be censured by the press? In these times of prosperity, any one filling a position where he can steal a thousand dollars, is certainly worth more than \$25 per month. Give us your views in next week's issue.

A Muzzled Ox.

December 12th, 1901.

The men who are well paid by banks and other corporations speculate, too—more often, some reformers tell us, than the poorly paid employes. The man at \$25 per month who attains to a place in which he can steal \$1,000,—and steals it—is not worth \$25, or 25 cents, to his employer. Small salaries do not make men steal. If salaries kept men honest, the salaries of the head men of banks would have to be equal to the amounts they handle, in order to eliminate the temptation of a larger amount of money than their pay, and even then some few would steal. The small salary man who steals simply shows that he is not the man his employer wants. Why should the bank pay such a man more money? The small salary man who does not steal is the man who has the opportunity to obtain more pay. If a man is paid \$25 a month in a place in which he can steal a thousand dollars, the chances are that the pay is sufficient for the duties of the position. It is not a good proposition in morals that a man has to be paid not to steal. The man who steals in such a place is simply weak. He might be paid more money, but if he were he would probably steal more when opportunity offered. That small salaries do not make thieves is established by the fact that the greater amount of thieving is not done by small salary men. The stealing of money is usually done by men who live beyond their income. To be sure, \$25 per month is not much income, but it is not the average pay of bank employes. One thing is certain—the \$25 per month man who steals \$1,000 doesn't thereby increase his fitness for more pay from the bank from which he steals. The person who addresses the inquiry above to the MIRROR is right in agreeing with the Scripture against muzzling the ox that treads out the corn, but the average rational human being, working in a bank, is not a muzzled ox and his share in the treading out of the corn is very small. He is paid, not according to the amount of corn there is brought to the mill, but according to the worth of the particular amount and quality of the treading he does. Salaries will not make men honest or dishonest. Honesty, on the other hand, has a tendency to increase salaries. The man who forgets the distinction and steals because he thinks he is not sufficiently paid, proves only that he should not have been employed. This answer does not presume to cover the particular instance the correspondent alludes to, but if the young man alluded to did only \$25 worth of work, \$25 was good pay, whether he had an opportunity to steal \$1,000 or \$1,000,000.

Missouri Democracy Convicted

MR. CARDWELL said that the lobby at Jefferson City owned the Democratic State Central Committee. The *Republic* said Mr. Cardwell was a liar. Mr. Cardwell sued the *Republic* for libel. Depositions were taken for the plaintiff. The plaintiff proved his case, proved that corporations coughed up money for campaign expenses, proved that in consideration of such coughing, members of the State Committee lobbied against bills directed at corporations and for bills in favor of corporations. The men who collected the money for the State Committee and who

lobbied in the interest of the corporations were the same. The Chairman of the State Committee was to be called upon to depose as to the facts, when, lo, a mysterious "Mr. Brown" pops up at Kansas City, pays plaintiff Cardwell a sum estimated at from \$5,500 to \$7,500, and Mr. Cardwell dismisses his suit against the *Republic*. That newspaper denies that it authorized any one to settle the suit for it. The deduction is plain that the money was paid to Cardwell by "Mr. Brown" to save the party. The action came too late to save the party. It came just in time to convince everyone that the party was willing to put up any sum rather than have the Committee Chairman go upon the stand and tell the truth. The payment to Cardwell was simply a *plea of guilty* to the charge that the State Committee was the paid tool of the corporations all the time it was pressing a campaign to reduce corporations to their normal influence and to keep them out of politics. The Committee boodlers simply stood a shake-down from Cardwell and gave him what he called a "dignified sum." Cardwell blackmailed the boodlers because he had them on the hip, and he made them give up after he had exposed them to such an extent that any further exposure was almost unnecessary. The Boodle State Committee confessed through "Mr. Brown." The whole State, the whole country knows that the trusted managers of the anti-trust and anti-monopoly party in Missouri only used their positions to make themselves useful to trusts and monopolies as lobbyists. The infamous Cardwell not only made his case, but he made it by the confessions of leading Democrats that he had accused, and then the leading Democrats get together and buy off Cardwell so that no more testimony will be taken. This method of choking off investigation is sublimely daring. It is the usual Missouri method, the motto of which is "keep the facts from the people." And the Democratic press of the State will keep as quiet as Cardwell since he received his "dignified sum." And then the self-convicted leaders, speaking of the effect of the whole Cardwell affair, say "Pshaw, it will only bring the Democrats out of the woods on election day to roll up a bigger majority than ever." Was ever such contemptuous cynicism heard before, even from Ingalls or Mark Hanna? The people of Missouri will rally around the men who sold them out and held up the corporations! The people will turn out stronger than ever to approve of the crooks in charge of the party organization! The people in the woods are going to show they are proud of their leaders being shown up as boodlers and lobbyists! Would any other people, outside of Pennsylvania, stand such an imputation? The crooked party-leaders sneer in the faces of honest men and openly glory in the shame that they actually had to pay blackmail to suppress the truth. The party leaders count on Democrats of Missouri caring more for the word Democracy than for decency. The bosses expect the people to approve openly of hypocrisy, fraud, lobbying, boodling, blackmail and compromising lawsuits by bribery. The leaders of the State Committee boldly buy the silence of witnesses against them and actually think it a fine stroke of policy. It is a pose equal to that of the same leaders on the subject of the discrepancies in the State's book-keeping. The charges are not to be met. They are to be choked off. Those who are possessed of information against the party management are openly fixed, just as the books are fixed by the assumption of receipts and expenditures that the books do not show. Missourians are so ignorant, the leaders say in effect, that they won't know any better. Missourians are such chumps that they will believe that Cardwell got a dignified sum to save the party. Poor ignorant "pukes," the Missourians will not be able to see that the leaders "divvied" on their "graft" with Cardwell in order that they might continue in leadership and in grafting. The conclusion of the Cardwell case proves everything alleged against the Democratic ring. It proves that the State Central Committee actually sold every Legislature, even before its meeting, to the corporations. It proves that a little clique in the State Central Committee got the money and then used its party to furnish the service in consideration of which the money was given. It shows that Mis-

sourians' Bryanism was a blunderbuss to force the quasi-public corporations to disgorge money for protection. It shows how the honest Democrats of Missouri were traded upon and sold out by a lot of thieves and traitors in the most responsible party positions. If the honest Democrats of Missouri will stand such leadership, they are the most contemptible creatures under the sun. If the Democrats of Missouri will swallow a plea that the self-convicted and self-ransomed victims of blackmail stand for Democratic principles, the Democrats of Missouri are the vilest suckers on earth. The Cardwell case, from start to finish, proves that the Democratic machine is corrupt to the very heart. It proves that the loudest shriekers against monopoly were its filthiest paid tools. It shows that the State and the people and the corporations and the party have been sold out and robbed in every conceivable fashion by a few men at the head of affairs who have dictated all party action from nominations to legislation. If the decent Democrats do not turn out the gang that has done all these infamies, to the disgrace of the party and the State—well, they deserve such crooks for leaders, such liars, hypocrites, thieves and traitors.



Condemned By Nancies

THE Schley conviction convicts those who convicted him. It convicts them of pin-headedness and shrimp-souledness and general asininity. They say that he won a battle, but he didn't win it according to rules. If he had stuck strictly to rules he would have waited for Sampson to get back from his cruise, and the enemy might have escaped from Santiago, scot free. Schley's conviction upon technicalities is a disgrace to the Navy because it is an act of idol-worship before martinetry and red tape. The judges who affix the stain upon Schley have earned the contempt of all fair-minded Americans. Dewey's verdict approving of Schley's course is the verdict of a man upon a man's work. The majority report condemning Schley on infinitesimal technicalities is the petty sputtering of bigoted naval Miss Nancies.



Henley and Stevenson

OUT upon all this maudlin sympathy with Stevenson after the "attack" by Henley. Mr. George French, in this issue of the *MIRROR*, with all the rest of the morbiddezzars. Henley's protest was not so much against Stevenson's self as against the false simpering pathetic picture others had drawn of his "Lewis." Henley protested against an emasculated Stevenson, and Henley did right, if ever man did. He has told the truth as he saw it. He saw Stevenson as a man, not as a god. There is no doubt in the world that Stevenson did become a prig. To be sure he was a delightful prig, but nevertheless, a prig. The evidence that he was a "cad" may be in Mr. Henley's possession, but it is not found in any of the Stevenson books. Henley's essay, when read through without emotionalism, is not so much of a ghoulsh performance as many commentators make out. He has painted Stevenson warts and all, or rather he has been forced to put the warts upon the too highly idealized pictures of the man. There is nothing that Henley has said about Stevenson that is inhuman, either in Stevenson or in Henley. There is nothing that Henley says about Stevenson's literature that is not true. Stevenson is not the *greatest* literary genius of the Victorian Age. What Henley has done is nothing more than should have been done, than would have been done eventually by some one else, before Stevenson became a fake and a sham figure before the world. Analyzing the the wonderful *Pall Mall Magazine* article, one cannot come to any other conclusion than that Henley resents the chocolate-cream effigy of the man he knew that has been palmed off on the public chiefly by the devices of advertising designed to capture the sentiment of women. Stevenson was a mortal being. He had his faults. When Henley points them out the world cries "sacrilege." It was no sacrilege. It was a service to the memory of Stevenson, yes, even though it be true that Henley and Stevenson had quarrelled. Henley objects to an emasculated and eviscerated Stevenson. So does everybody else—except the lady-like persons

who want to think of R. L. S. as a sort of sugar-coated dummy who contrived a new trick of blending the minor-poet in the rollicking Stoic. So far as the two men are concerned Henley is the greater. That he is not so well known argues nothing. It is, if anything, in his favor that he has not caught the fancy that has made Stevenson an idol and his life almost an idyl. Stevenson has his value, and it is a high value. But Henley is a grippy man, the man who does the heroic without posing, and is withal as gentle, without wallowing in self-contemplative gentleness, as the author of "Will of the Mill." Henley is just enough of a man to be aroused to ire by the namby-pamby Stevenson that is becoming fixed in popular opinion, through the indiscriminate superficializing of some unpenetrative critics both of men and books. Henley has done no harm to Stevenson, or to himself. He has done a service to truth. Mr. George French, valued colleague, and all others to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. William Ernest Henley is right, and time and further facts will prove him so.



Phases of Labor Unionism

SOME Chicago labor unions have gone on record as opposed to the inauguration of manual training in the public schools. The labor unions want to monopolize the trades, and monopoly is what they mostly denounce and damn. Any organization that fights education, and particularly education that fits youths for practical life in occupations other than the overcrowded professions is destined to destruction. A fight on intelligence is a fight for barbarism and it is a fight for the creation and maintenance of conditions that will surely bring about the industrial slavery against which labor agitators are protesting so vehemently. Nothing more advantageous to the boss system could be imagined than war upon the education of boys in the trades. Nothing would do more to perpetuate small pay. Nothing would serve better to make men the mere appurtenances of machinery. If labor is ever to attain its true dignity, it must do so through cultivating its intelligence and not through the continuance of ignorance. The labor unions that oppose education, whether of white workmen or black, that set their influence against everything calculated to promote a more intelligent artisanship, are serving the Powers of Darkness. The labor union at Chicago, and the anti-negro labor unionist outburst at Scranton, Pa., are adopting an attitude that is wholly at variance with every fundamental precept of American civilization. They want to restrict opportunity as they claim their oppressors have done. They want to make labor a secret cult and close combine, to harrass those above them and tyrannize those beneath them. The good sense of the American people condemns such principles and tactics. Whosoever, in this country, wars upon education is a traitor to manhood and a denier of the Light.



Vile Street Car Service

THE street car service in St. Louis grows worse day by day. The people are disgusted with it. The fewest possible cars are being run, on the fastest possible schedule. The cars don't stop and there are long intervals between them. The cars have not power enough to run mornings and evenings. The cars are always disagreeably, not to say disgracefully, crowded. The bad street car service is ruining the business of the retail stores. Women will not ride down town packed indecently among men. The company loses thousands of fares daily because of the discomfort of riding in the cars that keeps people at home. The company's attitude toward the people, even more than the slaughter of pedestrians, by reason of the fast schedules, has resulted in a feeling that makes every jury render a verdict against the company in every damage suit. The company is so unpopular that its own employees turn plaintiff's evidence in cases against it. In some parts of the city cars are stoned every evening after dusk. In all parts of the city large rocks and poles are placed across the tracks to induce a stoppage to take on passengers. Almost every passenger has had or expects to have some row over the transfer tickets. Public feeling is unanimously against

the company. This is dangerous to the company's own interests. Unless something be done to mollify the feeling there will be other companies projected to use the Transit Company's tracks and to smash its monopoly. The Transit Company banks on the courts sustaining its monopoly, but courts are responsive to public opinion, too, and their decisions take color from public feeling, in time. The Transit Company must do something to accommodate the people. If it does not, something will be done by the people through the Municipal Assembly and courts to provide a better service. The time will come very soon, unless there be a change, when fines and damages and the interposition of other transportation facilities, all favored by popular hostility to the Transit Company, will destroy the dividends on the stock. The concern cannot live and prosper in a community growing ever more hostile to its every interest. It is great, but popular opinion is greater, and popular opinion will eventually bankrupt the concern, unless the management does something to pacify the St. Louis public.

Nuisance

McLAURIN AND TILLMAN, the Business Democrat and the Bourbon, are equally tiresome in the United States Senate. They combine the offensive qualities of the peevish schoolboy and the virago. They fight like fishwives, when they might settle their differences by a dignified appeal to the people. McLaurin poses as a martyr; Tillman, as a knight puissant. They are both exhibiting themselves as being utterly unaware that their conduct is offensive to public taste. Regardless of the issues involved,—and this paper is with McLaurin—the men are, in their method of warfare, an affront to all the better feeling of the country. Their quarrel may and does represent a great coming clash in social and economic and sectional politics, but their manner of conducting it is nauseating.

The Jews and Consumption

In a recent general discussion of the disease of consumption, it has been made known that the Jews, as compared with other races, are singularly free from that ailment. A paragraph found in many trustworthy papers cites the astonishing fact that in New South Wales, which has a population of 4,000 Hebrews, who dwell mostly in towns, only one death from consumption occurred in three years, whereas among the rest of the population the mortality from the same disease was fully thirteen times as great. In Tunis, physicians assert that the annual average of mortality, for several years, from tuberculosis had been among the Mussulman Arabs 11.30 per thousand, among Europeans 5.13 per thousand, but among Jews only 0.75 per thousand. And in the United States Dr. John S. Billings, in his "Reports on Vital Statistics of the Eleventh Census," proves conclusively that the death rate from consumption among Jewish men is only about one third, and among Jewish women only about one quarter what it is among the corresponding classes in the rest of the population. The same paragraph says this cannot be explained on the ground that Hebrews are more robust and stalwart than other people. European investigations show that in average height and girth around the chest, they measure less than other inhabitants there. The vast majority of Jews—four-fifths of them, according to the item quoted—live in cities and towns, while not more than one-third of the rest of the population do so. The Jews are not a fresh-air people, and fresh air is one of the best preventives of consumption. The Jews in the cities and towns are, moreover, largely engaged in indoor occupations, and not a few of them in those unhealthy quarters, the "sweatshops." Nor do they, as a people, excel other persons in cleanliness. Very many of them, moreover, are very poor, and live in by no means comfortable circumstances. Yet, notwithstanding conditions which would seem to predispose to consumption, they are comparatively free from it. Dr. Maurice Fishberg says, in an article in *American Medicine*, that the explanation of this strange fact is to be found in the Jewish laws prescribing what animal food may be eaten and how the animals must

be slaughtered. Furthermore, the Jews are temperate in the use of alcoholic stimulents. A cause not referred to is a general cause, and that is the inherent Jewish devotion to but two things, aside from his religion, his business and his family. The Jew takes care of himself, because he can't hustle if he doesn't take care of himself. The close family life precludes dissipation of all sorts.

The Woman

To the inquiry of a great metropolitan daily as to why Boss Croker spends most of his time in England, *Town Topics*, which has a peculiar authoritativeness in such matters, makes the significant reply: *Cherchez la femme!* Was it a Delilah rather than Seth Low or Mr. Jerome who shore the Tammany Samson of his strength? Did the great reform movement that culminates in Mr. Low's plea for free Sunday beer in Gotham, start on its great career through the sapping of Croker's character by a siren? The "journal of society" should be more explicit. It can't be afraid of explicitness after its publication of its drama of the rape of a white girl by a negro, and called—ye gods—"Chivalry," in its Christmas issue.

One Word

MR. BOURKE COCKRAN says that the President can stop the Boer war by saying "one word." What would Mr. Cockran say if Lord Salisbury or Edward VII, said one word to stop our "war" in the Philippines? Whatever we may feel as to the Boer war the fact is that the Boers are in revolt against British suzerainty, and we can no more interfere than could England interfere here if this Government were suppressing a rebellion in Missouri or New Jersey. This country is pledged to neutrality. The President's "one word," of the sort Mr. Cockran demands, would violate neutrality. The President, probably, feels as much sympathy for the Boers as does Mr. Cockran, but he cannot intervene in a quarrel that is none of ours. Mr. Cockran's sentiment is worthy but his logic is bad.

Brown

MISSOURI will go into the next National Democratic Convention a favorite son and savior of the party, for President. No: it's not David R. Francis. It's Mr. Brown, who choked off the Cardwell revelations for "a dignified sum."

Butler Against Hawes

THE fight between Col. Ed Butler and Mr. Harry B. Hawes rages again. Col. Butler is backed by half a dozen banks and trust companies, three or four public service corporations, three or four newspapers, three judges of courts who are his creatures, and his own millions. Col. Butler wants to run a gambling game in defiance of law. He wants to sell pools on races in order to break in upon the racing circuit with a track which the St. Louis Jockey Club refuses to buy off or to recognize. Mr. Hawes, as President of the Police Board, will not permit Butler to violate the law. There can be no doubt that decent people are with Mr. Hawes, or with the law. Col. Butler is a boss in both political parties in St. Louis, as the regularly retained boodler of the public service corporations. Col. Butler has for years bought and sold the members of the St. Louis Municipal Assembly like cattle. Col. Butler has bought legislation, and bought off legislation for twenty-five years. He organized the lower branch of the Municipal Assembly on a boodle basis, and the combine set to work to obstruct Mayor Wells' administration by blocking bills for municipal improvements which did not involve the use of materials on which alderman drew a percentage. Mr. Hawes smashed that combine. All decent people will say he did well in defeating that boodle scheme, and in giving Mayor Wells' administration a free hand to carry out reforms and improvements promised in the campaign that resulted in Mayor Well's election. Col. Butler's attempt to override the gambling law and his attempt to perpetuate boodlism in the House of Delegates were defeated by Mr. Hawes. Only gamblers and boodlers can hate Mr. Hawes for such action. Col. Butler has control of courts. His cases

always come before his friends on the bench. He has a pull with the selectors of juries. No wonder he can win what look like legal victories. Col. Butler is in with the corporations to control both parties for their own ends. So long as Col. Butler and his employers succeed there is no chance for any young man in public life who does not trail after Butler, or his employers. There is no chance for young men anywhere against Butler's boodle bossism. He cuts lawyers out of fees. He holds the disposition of places in public service corporations and he gives them to his henchmen. His pull is worth more than proved ability. He has the newspapers practically fixed in his interest, through the influence of the wealthy men and institutions that he is connected with in various ways. When the newspapers attack Butler it is only a pretence. He controls them all where his interests are at stake. He is now in a fight of his own planning against Hawes for no other reason than that he wants to destroy the Democratic majority in St. Louis. He has undertaken to do that in furtherance of Missouri's boss lobbyist's scheme to defeat William J. Stone for the Senatorship. Butler is to split the St. Louis Democracy. Frank Walsh was to split Kansas City's Democracy. Phelps and Governor Stephens are to unite all over the State in an effort to destroy the Dockery or State administration: Phelps, the boss lobbyist, has organized a third and a fourth party supported by money from the National Republican Committee. Phelps, Butler, Walsh, Stephens *et al* have, in the dark, a Senatorial Candidate in Hon. H. S. Priest. By splitting the party openly and keeping alive third and fourth parties the conspirators hope to get the legislature in such shape that there will not be enough votes to elect either ex-Governor Stone or Mr. Richard C. Kerens to the United States Senate. Then H. S. Priest will be projected into the situation, backed by the banks, trust companies, railroads etc. Then Col. Butler and Mr. W. H. Phelps will have the situation as they want it. They will have Stone beaten and Kerens and Priest, or their backers, bidding against one another. The largest bid will take the seat, but which ever side wins Butler and Phelps will be on the inside and will hold power in both parties. They will dictate the nominees in both parties and those nominees will be men who believe in such tactics as described above. Now against all this sort of thing, personified in Col. Butler, against all the crooks and plutes back of Col. Butler, against the scheme to give the franchise grabbers control of both parties, against a sell out of the entire State to the crooks and plutes, Mr. Harry Hawes is waging war, without money, without any aid from the press, without recourse against fixed courts, without anything but his own principles and courage. Mr. Harry Hawes stands for the decent elements in St. Louis, in the State at large, in both political parties. If Mr. Hawes be defeated there is nothing to prevent Col. Butler, the boss boodler of St. Louis, and Col. W. H. Phelps, the boss lobbyist of the State, from using the whole State as a "rotten borough," peddling its Senatorship and other offices and levying tax upon all business, and constricting opportunity for all the young men in the State. Col. Butler in this fight stands for the Old Gang in both parties. Mr. Hawes represents law and order, a square deal, cleaner politics, the younger element. Every decent citizen in every party should stand by Mr. Hawes, against Col. Butler. If they will do so, Mr. Hawes will win in spite of Butler's control of courts, newspapers and the positions under public service corporations.

The Mosher Books

If the editor of the MIRROR has a hobby it is the Mosher Books that come from 45 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine, exquisite presentations of exquisite literature. This year Mr. Mosher's list comprises much that is rare. His edition of "Songs Before Sunrise," by Swinburne, with that immortal poem "Before a Crucifix," is, to my thinking, a finer book than any ever uttered by the Kelm-scott Press. It is as beautiful as Swinburne's youthful self, as portrayed by Rossetti, in the frontispiece. A book that is as dainty as a flower is "Mimes," by Marcel Schwob, Eng-

lished by Miss Lenalie, whose translations are well known to MIRROR readers. Here are combined Greek thought and feeling with French felicity of expression and English vigor. Here, for once, surely, we have the very echo of Theocritus softened and given wistful color by time and change of sky. These "Mimes" are the blithe soul of Greek life. The book is dressed in a style that has for dominant note the tenderness of the violet. Another book in the list is Fiona McLeod's "From the Hills of Dream;" poems of faerie, redolent of the land of clear but soft colors and stories. They are the voices of the vanished little people of Celtic tradition. Their charm is of a world of youth in eld. Poe's finer poems and Shakespeare's Sonnets are in the Mosher output too, in handy, dainty shape, and in a pretty brocade bibelot is reprinted Oscar Wilde's miraculously ingenious fictive speculation as to the identity of the person to whom Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets, "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." The sonnets, the passionate sonnets were written to a boy, says Wilde, and his perverse proof is a key to Wilde's own madness. Edward Fitzgerald's "Polonius" a collection of wise saws and modern instances, by the translator of the Rubaiyat, is a book of curious lore, beautifully printed. Another rare reprint is the novel, "A Year's Letters," which Swinburne wrote under the pen name of Mrs. Horace Mannes. Mr. Mosher has treated it with careful typographic affectionateness, worthy of its rarity and its marvelous English. William Morris' "Pilgrims of Hope," a fascinating poem is issued after the Morris manner, and Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" is quaintly but clearly printed in an edition giving the author's emendations of the musical mystic ballad in four different editions. The little brocade bibelot series, this year, contains Stevenson's essay on "Francois Villon," Vernon Lee's essays "In Umbria" and "Chapelmaster Kreisler," the latter a brilliant study of musical romanticism; James Thomson's "A Lady of Sorrow," a sombre prose premonition of his great poem, "The City of Dreadful Night," and Richard Jefferies' "Saint Guido and Queen Mary's Child Garden," something more clairvoyant and clairaudient of the inner secrets of Nature than is even to be found in the work of our own John Burroughs. All these books and booklets appeal to the spirit of real culture. They are treasure trove for the book collector who cannot meet the prices upon the almost introuvable. Mr. Mosher is a sympathetic editor as well as an æsthetic publisher, and his output of books is characterized by the supremely happy combination of substantiality and elegance. His discoveries for reproduction are the divination of the desires of the selective few by a passionate bibliophile.

A Job In Light

WHAT is the job in connection with lighting the World's Fair by electricity? How many World's Fair Directors are in the little deal with Herr Bruckmann to break in, via the World's Fair, on the other companies in the lighting business? Can an electric light concern made up of World's Fair Directors legitimately take a World's Fair lighting contract? Mr. Breck Jones is a lawyer and thinks so, but—

Little.

WASHINGTON DOINGS.

BY ASBESTOS.

Democratic Leadership

THE Congressional recess will begin Thursday, the 19th inst, and last until the 6th day of January. After that we may expect some work to be done, not before. On Friday last it was decided to take up the Philippine bill Tuesday, debate it until Wednesday, at four o'clock, and then vote under the gag rule and allow no five minute speeches which hitherto have been usual on a bill of this nature. It was a surprise when the Democrats did not refuse unanimous consent to this programme. It was believed that on this, the first piece of legislation affecting the Philippines, the Democrats would show fight and begin their usual tactics of obstruction. For the past three

Congresses they have had no opportunity to be anything but obstructionists. Anything with a Democratic initiative was promptly hit in the head with a Republican ax by the Republican majority. This new move is explained on the theory of giving the Republican calf all the rope he wants during this Congress in the hope that he will hang himself before the winter is over. It would be more interesting if the Democrats had a leader who was not afraid to say "boo to a goose" and who would stand up and do some fighting. The trouble with "Jim" Richardson is that when a Republican hits the Democracy in the head with a brick, instead of getting back with a club, he apologizes for being on the face of the earth. A loss of Democratic nerve is what is keeping the Republicans in power in the House.

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Foraker and Hanna

WASHINGTON is deeply interested in the opening of the fight between Foraker and Hanna, in Ohio. Those two giants of the republican party have locked horns at last in a death struggle. It is freely predicted here by the *quid nuncs* that Hanna is the man who will get mashed into the political earth. This fight between Hanna and Foraker is of much longer standing than most people think. It dates away back to the time that Foraker allowed his friends to nominate him for a third term for Governor of Ohio, and the time he was defeated by James E. Campbell, Democrat. It is said that Hanna refused to support Foraker in that campaign and voted for and supported Campbell. Each of them has been busy this week entering disclaimers that there is anything like ghost dancing off the reservation, the preparation of war paint or anything that would suggest hostilities, but the fight is on just the same and it will last to a finish. Mr. Foraker has a following in Ohio that he has been building up for years and that he has grappled to him by always "toting fair" with them. They will stick to him until Pluto's domain becomes a skating rink and then play golf on the ice with the Hanna people, if necessary. It does not promise well for your Uncle Mark. Hanna is jealous of the superior attainments of Foraker and he fears him. Foraker despises Hanna because he believes, what a good many people do, that Hanna is only a commercial politician and possesses not one attribute of statesmanship. Foraker is a refined gentleman, an able lawyer, a finished orator. He uses reason and argument. Hanna uses a bull-whip. The fight may involve the White House. Foraker openly declared himself the other day in favor of a unanimous nomination of Roosevelt. Last Saturday Mr. Hanna dined with the President. The President is not taking sides, but those who know Roosevelt's character and the character of the chief antagonists in Ohio, have no doubt where the President's sympathies lie.

Pork

THE Treasury surplus which has caused the Republicans some sleepless nights and bad half hours during the day, will be a thing of the past very soon if about one tenth of the number of bills asking for an appropriation, introduced at this session already, are enacted into law. Secretary Gage has recommended the abolition of the war taxes in order to get rid of the surplus, but a much shorter route would be to pass a few of the gigantic schemes now being urged upon the House and Senate. It is probable that some kind of a river and harbor bill will pass at this session. It is likely, also, that the ship subsidy bill will pass, in some shape, and that work will begin on the Nicaragua Canal. These three projects alone will take nearly all the surplus out of the Treasury. These facts are being urged upon the Western Senators and Representatives who have combined for the purpose of inducing Congress, at this session, to make the first appropriation in the elaborate scheme of irrigation of the arid lands of the West, which, it is estimated by the experts, will be a money saver of the kind to make all other projects of Governmental paternalism look small. The irrigation combine is rejoicing over the fact that President Roosevelt, in his message, gave their pet scheme a big boost by devoting more space to its discussion than any other one thing. Some of the big men of both Houses are endeavoring to get the President to reconsider his recommendations in this matter. Whether he does or not, the chances are good that the West will not irrigate just yet. The big fellows are going to put the clamps on the money sluice, but they may let a whole raft of bills for big expenditure go through, "to

relieve the treasury," without "tinkering with the tariff" or annoying the protected and campaign-contributing industries. This ought to be, for this reason, a great Congress for "pork."

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The Chevalier and the Lady

THE thing that is agitating social Washington this week is the tangle that seems to have crept into the announced matrimonial alliance of Mrs. Lucille Blackburn Lane, daughter of Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, and the Chevalier Trentanove, the sculptor. It was announced some time ago that this couple would be married about the 6th of January, in London, as Signor Trentanove was over there looking after the art exhibits for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and could not return to this country, and that Mrs. Lane would join him there. It is understood that Mrs. Lane gave out this information here and that it was published with her free and full consent. In a dispatch from Milwaukee, last Friday, however, it is stated that a letter from the Chevalier Trentanove, to a friend in that city, denies flatly the statement that he is to be married to Mrs. Lane. Nevertheless, Mrs. Lane is proceeding with her preparations for departure for London and for marriage. This marriage or talk of marriage between these two is the sequel of one attempt at suicide and one successful suicide. About two years ago or over, this city was startled by the news that Mrs. Lane had shot herself—accidentally it is alleged—and that she would die. She did not die and after the accident she looked as charming as ever. About a year later Mr. Lane got the suicide bug in his bonnet and his superior knowledge of the uses of deadly weapons—he was the representative of the Maxim and Krupp ordnance people in this country—gave him a surer aim at the spot and he died very dead. The gossip-dealers of this city hint that this same Chevalier Trentanove, representative of the St. Louis World's Fair in Europe, was the cause of all this blood-letting in the Lane family, that Lane was a very high-spirited and noble-hearted fellow and preferred death to the exposure and consequent disgrace of his wife, and smirching of the good name of his little daughter. In consideration of all which it is very ungallant in the Chevalier to deny the marriage story given out by Mrs. Lane.

WASHINGTON, December 14th.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

BY S. O. HOWES.

THOSE learned in medicine declare that appendicitis and cancer are not more prevalent than formerly, the apparent increase being due to a more accurate diagnosis at the present day. So it is with many phases of modern life, wrongly regarded as peculiar to the times, the novelty being, after all, only a matter of nomenclature. Such is the case with that cancerous growth that threatens to pervert, if not destroy, all newspaperdom, root and branch—Yellow Journalism. This knowledge will come as a shock to the many who, in the rosy light of retrospection, are firm in the faith that their forefathers were free from modern vices.

This truth is brought home to us in a facsimile copy of the New York *Evening Post*, of November 16, 1801, recently issued in the centenary edition of that journal which has done more than any other newspaper to extirpate this pestilent malady. The evidence I wish to present is taken from an article reprinted from the *Palladium*, a contemporary of that period. A study of conditions then existing will have a salutary effect, in that it will serve to correct that habit of thought that regards the past with such reverence as to deem hopeless any attempt to improve the present. How like to the saffron-tinted journal of the present is this description: "A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies or monstrous births. Some of these tales excite horror and others disgust. Yet the fashion reigns like a tyrant to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste, or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? . . . It seems really as if our newspapers were busy to spread superstition. Omens and dreams and prodigies are recorded as if they were worth minding. One would think our gazettes were intended for Roman readers, who were silly enough to make account of such things.

We ridicule the papers for their credulity, yet, if all the trumpery of our papers is believed, we have little right to laugh at any set of people on earth; and if it is not believed, why is it printed?" The query that ends this paragraph fastens upon the folly of the whole shabby business, for many there are who discredit all they see in the daily papers, so unaccustomed are they to seeing the truth. Yet the editor, in the blindness of his self-conceit, continues his course of violation of veracity, taste and decency and the people buy, not because they like it, but because they have no choice.

This clear-eyed journalist, of a hundred years ago, also points out the criminal effect of yellow journalism and we are made to see that in that day there were Hearsts and Pulitzers in the land. "Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple wonder, some terror, and some horror and disgust. Now what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids and eight or ten thousand booby boys afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens, for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities. The spirit of imitation is contagious, and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. . . . Is it not in the power of newspapers to spread fashions, and by dinning burnings and murders in everybody's ears, to detain all rash and mischievous tempers on such subjects long enough to wear out the first impression of horror, and to prepare them to act what they so familiarly contemplate? Yet there seems to be a sort of rivalry among printers who shall have the most wonders and the strangest and most horrible crimes." This spirit of imitiveness is shown in the repetition of horrible and unique crimes in widely separated sections of the country, a multiplication of evil unknown when newspapers were less widely diffused.

The *Palladium's* contributor also illustrates how the taste of the reading public is corrupted by such scavenger work of the press. "Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock, but after some time this shock lessens. At length such stories are so far from giving pain that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. The wonder is as easy as to stare, and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection. It is a sort of food for idle curiosity that is ready chewed and digested. On the whole, we may insist that the increasing fashion for printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents is worse than ridiculous; as it corrupts both the public taste and morals. It multiplies fables, prodigies, monsters and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar, while it draws all popular attention from familiar truth, because it is not shocking."

This brave reformer of an elder day who attempted to stem the current of sewage that threatened to submerge journalism concludes his article with this advice as to what should and what should not be printed. "Strange events are facts, and as such should be mentioned, but with brevity and in a cursory manner. They afford no ground for popular reasoning or instruction, and therefore the horrid details that make each particular hair stiffen and stand upright on the reader's head, ought not to be given. In short, they must be mentioned, but sensible printers and sensible readers will think that way of mentioning them best that impresses them least on the public attention and that hurries them on the most swiftly so as to be forgotten." I have used liberal quotations from this article of a century ago, because they apply so pertinently to present conditions, for truly, in its essentials, life shows little change from one epoch to another. Increased facilities for transmission of news through the twin Titanic forces, steam and electricity, have largely augmented yellow journalism's power for evil, but since public bulletins were first issued the saffron-tint of mendacity has ever been discernible. The philosopher-emperor stated with great appositeness: "I find that all things are now as they were in the days of our buried ancestors—all things sordid in their elements, trite by long usage, and yet ephemeral. How ridiculous, then, how like a countryman in town, is he, who wonders at aught. Doth the sameness, the repetition of the public shows, weary thee? Even so doth that likeness of events in the spectacle of the world. And so must it be with thee

to the end. For the wheel of the world hath ever the same motion, upward and downward, from generation to generation."

It will not be amiss to say a word of praise for the journal from whose initial issue these extracts are taken. The *Evening Post* can point with pride to a century of honor, having never swerved a hair's breadth from its first frank-spoken fealty to the right as it has conceived it. Sectional differences have sometimes made its attitude towards the South very rasping to the feelings of the writer, but its excellent news service, sanity of view and courageous fight for purity in public service have won for it a place second to none among American newspapers.

OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

ITS VALUE APART FROM RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS.

IN Mr. Lionel Tollemache's book, "Talks with Mr. Gladstone," the following opinion is reported as Mr. Gladstone's: "He did not take the same high view that many take of the old Hebrew literature—regarded merely as literature. He had been struck by a statement of Professor Max Muller's to the effect that Jewish intellect made a sudden start after being brought into contact with the Aryan intellect."

Coming from Mr. Gladstone, this view cannot be disregarded or put aside as showing merely a want of literary and poetic perception. This is the opinion of a religious man, a man of genius, and a man of keen, if not very discreet literary taste—as such it is surprising. That those people who regard the Bible solely as a repository for saving dogma should be unconscious of, or at least indifferent to, the literary worth of the Old Testament is not unnatural, but Mr. Gladstone was not one of these. Possibly it was his love of Greek which kept him indifferent to Hebrew literature. If so, what he missed in the latter was perhaps the absence of conscious literary art and of artistic unity and completeness.

The ancient Jew had two sources of inspiration, patriotism and religion, and for him these two were one. He sought the eternal in history, in the current of human affairs, and above all in the undercurrent of man's spiritual life and conscience. His work was of necessity incomplete and fragmentary. He could reflect single rays of the glory which Jehovah caused to pass before him, but he could not forget the sentence, "Thou shalt never see my face," and he cursed the pictorial arts lest the seduction of beauty and the desire for a concrete symbol should hinder him in his search for the God "who inhabiteth eternity."

It is strange how unsuccessful all attempts have hitherto been to bring the rugged poetry of the Psalms within the recognized canons of the poetic art. Metrical versions, though popular, have had, for the most part, no literary value. "It is as though the wind were made to whistle a tune," said the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, and Queen Elizabeth disrespectfully called the early versions known to her "Geneva Jigs." Nevertheless, the lawless poetry of the Bible laughs to scorn the modern argument that true art can only be found when it is sought for its own sake, and is killed by an all-absorbing purpose.

One argument strikes us which may reasonably cause a man not impervious to the charm of literature to underrate—or at least to deny the possibility of accurately appreciating—the poetry of the Old Testament. He may say that it has been read for centuries as a divine message by reverent men and women seeking an assurance of faith, a consolation in distress, a sanctification of natural joy; and thus he may feel that an emotion has been read into the words which cannot be fully allowed for, and which has made the weighing of their intrinsic literary worth as impossible as it is impertinent. There is truth, we think, in this view, and we admit that some of the Psalms, together with parts of Isaiah, are too sacred for purely literary analysis or criticism. Times out of number we may hear them read in church and be only vaguely struck by the beauty of their familiar rhythm, but to many of us, at some moment of emotion, these well-worn phrases have suddenly come to our minds in the light of a confidence, and then for us they are no more literature, but part of the mystic "Word" which was from the beginning and which St. John tells us was God.

Still, unless we are prepared to twist the obvious intentions of ancient writers in a wholly illegitimate way, and to

read the conclusions of the New Testament into the guesses of the Old, we must admit that the latter contains many passages which show very little faith and certainly no assurance, but are simply poetic and passionate expressions of an agony of doubt and an unsatisfied thirst for a faith in the future life, even if it be only the shadowy life to be lived in the memory of the world. That this doubt did not kill religion, but seems to have been part and parcel of its life and growth, however it might torture the greatest minds among a people of religious genius, is a fact not without its message of consolation for the present generation, especially to those who, while acknowledging God and being ready, if not to worship Christ, at least to hero-worship the Nazarene, are still obliged to confess that for them there is "as yet no open vision." Do not such passages testify to the literary value of the Old Testament unenhanced by assured faith or theological dogma?

Take these verses from the 55th Psalm: "My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death hath fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me. And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." Again, when the Psalmist confesses with strange pathos and an inspired insight into the sources of human pain that he is "a stranger with God," and a sojourner as all his fathers were, and finally breaks out into a petition for a longer life: "Oh, spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence and am no more seen,"—is it possible to overrate the literary value of his words? Has any religious-minded man—a prey to doubt—ever imagined a more poetic description of his frame of mind than the one we are about to quote?—"Save me, oh God, for the waters are come in even unto my soul, I stick fast in deep mire where no ground is, I am come into deep waters so that the floods run over me, I am weary of crying, my throat is dry, my sight faileth me for waiting so long on my God." How many men of the present day who fear that their life is shut in "between a sleep and a sleep" find their secret groanings uttered, their deep despair and their faint hope expressed, in the words of the 88th and the 79th Psalms?—"I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth. Shall thy lovingkindness be shown in the dark, or thy faithfulness in the land where all things are forgotten? . . . Oh, let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee, according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou them that are appointed to die."

But to leave the Psalmists and go to a far lesser poet, the unhopeful Preacher who declares that "that which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered," how wonderfully he declares his want of faith and knowledge in the first chapters of Ecclesiastes, though we admit that when he at last finds peace in the "conclusion of the whole matter," he rises to still greater poetic heights. But how full of poetic satire and contempt for the ingratitude of the world and the injustice of the rewards of fame is the ninth chapter! The writer, after declaring that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest," turns to look at that shadowy life of influence which Positivists regard as the adequate and certain reward in store for those who serve their fellows. Again, he finds no hope, for "the race is not to the swift, neither the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all." He gives a parabolic instance: "There was a little city, and few men within it, and there came a great King against it, and besieged it; and built great bulwarks against it. Now, there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man!" Renan compares the writer of Ecclesiastes to Heine, and certainly this little picture makes us remember that both poets were the children of Abraham.

What, again, could be more beautiful than this complaint of an old-world philanthropist whose reforms had failed, and who cries out in horror as he realizes that the earth is full of the habitations of cruelty: "I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil

work which is done under the sun." Surely the men who wrote these words were men of letters in the supreme degree. They had that inspiration which is given to the kings of literature,—a kind of prophetic sympathy. They appealed to generations "yet for to come," "understanding their thoughts long before;" and though they are all "gathered and gone by together," they still offer their religious experience to a people of whom they never heard, and who, like them, though their heart be "disquieted within them," are yet "following on to know." *The Spectator.*

PARIS CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BY JOHN F. MACDONALD.

WERE I a Parisian—also a proud father—to whom no one, excepting "Madame," was dearer than Edouard and Yvonne, children of seven or eight, I, with the majority of my countrymen, should now be singing the praises of M. Lepine, Chief of the Police. Not that children have been straying in unusual numbers of late, reported by their anxious parents as strangely "missing;" to be traced and found later on through M. Lepine's exertions, and brought home exhausted but uninjured by one of his discreet agents. Nor has M. Lepine's popularity been suddenly increased by the introduction of a measure to forbid cyclists, automobilists, and other furious anti-pedestrians access to those streets where schools lie, where the pupils are apt to play on their way in and out. He has not exterminated the race of kidnappers. He has not analyzed every sweet, suppressing the doubtful ones. He has neither shortened nor prolonged the various holidays. In the middle of his grim duties, in spite of his anxieties, the shocks he must sustain every day, he—turning temporarily from guilt to innocence—has found that children are no longer catered for handsomely by the toy-makers, and determined therefore, a short time ago, to instil new life into the industry of toys.

And the thing is characteristic, essentially Parisian. Pleasures peculiar to children are considered in Paris, are encouraged and shared vicariously by the "grown up" people. Lately, in my perambulations, I have found myself—through no desire of my own, however—in choice cake shops. Enter—father, the daughter, or the son; both, usually—perhaps four in all. In other lands the children alone would "choose," the father complacent but indifferent. The Parisian, however, must advise, must aid. He declares that he is "experienced," knows what is what. And he seeks and he peers, sometimes he prods. And he cannot determine, all at once, whether the brown cake is better than the green, the white than the pink, and he hesitates still longer before a pyramid of cream, and the attendants also advise and aid, and the children give their opinion and, other fathers and other children entering, greater confusion prevails, further consultations are held. The moment is critical; it is the sacred moment of decisive, irreparable selection. What will Edouard decide upon? Heavens, he wavers again! Pink or green, or brown? One of the three—yes, it is, it is the brown. And then his father watches him: if he be satisfied, the father smiles, if he be discontented, the father cries, "There, I told you so. I begged you to take the green. I myself was thus once deceived. I knew, I knew." And gesticulates. And orders for himself a liqueur. And calls for a green cake after the brown has disappeared. And, beaming upon Edouard, asks eloquently whether he did not indeed display consummate insight in recommending the green.

But I wander. My theme was toys, the reform, the revolution in toys; as an excuse I can only plead that M. Lepine may call upon confectioners some day to produce new cakes, deeming the present ones stale, monotonous: then shall I be regarded as the first who drew attention to the matter, also—as something of a prophet. However, M. Lepine is far too occupied with his toys just now to think of cakes. His scheme was a—competition. Whosoever created the most original, the most amazing toy would be rewarded. There would be an exhibition; think of the advertisement! And so toymakers rose and worked; held their heads; sought their tools; no doubt lay awake deliberating and planning throughout the night. Parisians, fascinated by the idea, forwarded subscriptions; so that there would be smaller prizes, many prizes. The newspapers devoted long articles to this new, this blithe, reform. Topical singers good-humoredly chaffed it. All Paris was interested,

expectant; how, in the face of all this, how the toymakers must have racked their brains, worked and worked and worked! Two thousand of them took immediately to competing and each resolved to produce several toys. In all these special workshops, hammers going, every imaginable tool in use, plans more complicated than an architect's, models more intricate than an engineer's, above all—clock-work. Monsieur le President was pleased to inquire how the work was progressing. The Municipal Council provided, as site for the exhibition, a handsome building. To-day, for several days, Parisians will flock in thousands to the building; high officials will "attend;" the President himself will "assist." And why—why all this excitement, this enthusiasm? Simply because toys of late have been monotonous, old fashioned; simply because M. Lepine, warmly supported by Paris, has determined that no one—not even toymakers—shall impose upon the children.

Nor is this the only bright deed accomplished recently by M. Lepine in the midst of his dark duties. Although he cannot be described as the chief promoter of the "Œuvre de Mimi Pinson," he has nevertheless displayed active interest in that "work" which, founded some months ago, now enables the poor and often forlorn little dress-maker to enjoy—accompanied by a friend—the best plays produced in Paris. She sends in her name, but, of course, must await her turn. She has her number allotted her, and, when that number is published in the papers, she may claim two tickets for a certain theatre. And she is not placed in the gallery, nor must she pay for her programme. She is a guest. She has been "prayed to assist at the performance of '—.'" And she dresses for the event, wears flowers; and she enjoys the outing a thousand times more than the fashionable women in the boxes who, a few hours ago, were harassing her, inconsiderately and contemptuously sending her hither and thither in the luxurious "trying-on" rooms of the Rue de la Paix. I have heard such a little modiste say, at luncheon time—when she and her friends get a breath of fresh air—say proudly, say gaily, "You know I go to the Francaise to-night." And her friends have asked, "Whom do you take?" And she, still proudly, has replied, "Marie," or "Marcelle," perhaps some member of her family. The hours must have seemed long to her from then until six; the hours must have been glorious from eight until midnight; and the hours afterwards—for days afterwards—must have been brighter far than the hours of a week ago, for she could reflect over the genius of Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt or the superb Mounet-Sully, and, in her reflection, enjoy all she had heard and seen over and over again.

PARIS, Nov. 26th.

A FEMININE ATLAS.

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

THERE was once a really superior and highly cultivated woman. She had a husband who deprecated and hesitated and made long-winded apologies and explanations; and she was the mother of a little girl who had to eat food she disliked, because it was healthful, and to play when she did not wish to, because there were certain regular play hours. But what made the child more unhappy still was that she was always surrounded by "the formative influences which make for character."

The home of this really superior woman was a model. Everything occurred at certain hours, and the husband and child had to go to bed when they were not sleepy, and get up when they were, and eat when they were not hungry, because it was "the invariable rule of our household."

But the superior lady was very modest withal. "I refuse to be regarded as all intellect," she would say, playfully. "I can make a pudding and darn a stocking as well as construe Thucydides, or write a monograph on Keltic Sagas or Chaldean Art." And, really, by a dint of living according to Hoyle, she accomplished a great deal, for she was connected with nine educational clubs, and her well-thumbed encyclopædia showed her diligence in writing papers.

She had boundless energy and led many women to offer sacrifice before the elusive and ironical god of Intellect.

With men she discoursed on what she considered light

conversational topics. She began by asking them if they had read Hæckel, or Draper, or Nietzsche, which made them feel ignorant and unhappy; and then she invariably led them through politics to the "Social Evil," which embarrassed them very much.

One day, when she was hastening to attend an important committee meeting, she was stopped by her little girl.

"Oh, mother," sighed the child, "why won't you stay and play with me, and pretend that you are a little girl, too, so that we can make mud pies, as the children do in books? I'm so tired of kindergarten games."

"Mother is too busy to play," replied the superior lady. "Play will soon seem very silly and idle to you, when you realize how many things there are to learn." Then she hastened to the committee meeting.

"Oh," sobbed the child, disconsolately, gazing about her blank world, empty of fond and foolish love. "I wish God was good for something and mother didn't have to do it all."

From New York Life.

THE PRISON.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

I AM the prisoner of my love of you.
I pace my soul, as prisoned culprits do;
You stand like any gaoler at the gate,
And I am fevered, chill, and desolate,
Weary with walking the damp dungeon-floor,
Cursing your name, and loving you the more
For crying curses. If I could but keep
Your thought away but just enough to sleep
One calm night through, I might enjoy the stars;
But now I see beyond my prison-bars,
Night and day, nothing; only iron rust,
And windows blackened over with wet dust.

While I was slumbering, half awake, I heard
A voice that spoke a little poisonous word,
Subtly against my ear; it said that all
These barred inventions are fantastical,
These four unfriendly walls I touch and see,
A willful dream and no reality,
And that I need but waken to be free.
A cunning but a foolish voice! I know
Your walls are solid, 'stablished long ago,
Not for one only: here's name after name,
Carved on the stones: I'll add my name to them.

Outside, I hear, sometimes, far off, yet loud,
A sound as of the voices of a crowd,
And hands that beat against a gate; I hear
Cries of revolt, and only these I fear.
'Tis you they strike at: what have I to do
With freedom, if 'tis liberty from you?
I am content with this unhappiness;
Why should the world, that has no soul to guess
The joy and miracle of my distress,
Strive to break in, and ravish me from pain,
That, being lost, I should seek out again?

O, I was friends once with the world, I went
The world's way, and was sunnily content
Only to be a pilgrim, and to roam
The gray dust and the flying-footed foam.
My heart knew not of bondage, I was full
Of young desire, the earth was beautiful,
And women's faces were a light that showed
The way at every turning of the road,
And I had never looked as deep as tears
Into a woman's heart.

Unthinkable years,
I loitered through with scarce returning feet,
And dreamed that only freedom could be sweet!
How, in my prison, I stand pitying
That gipsy leisure for an idle thing,
A memory not worth remembering!
I am alone now, miserable, bound
With chains that crawl behind me on the ground,
Sleepless with hate and with the ache of thought,
My pride of triumph broken down and brought
Into a sullen quelled captivity:
Alas, I only fear to be set free!

HENLEY AND STEVENSON.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

"It is a great thing, after all, to be a man of reasonable honor and kindness."

With these words Robert Louis Stevenson ended a brotherly reference to W. E. Henley, and prefaced one of those luminous little essays upon living which shine upon so many of his pages, in a letter to W. H. Low. He reminded Low of a talk about honesty in art, and says: "In this strange welter where we live, all hangs together by a million filaments; and to do reasonably well by others, is the first prerequisite of art. Art is a virtue; and if I were the man I should be, my art would rise in the proportion of my life."

I read W. E. Henley's article upon Stevenson, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, first filled with surprise and later with indignation. Then I sat me down with four red volumes, the Stevenson "Letters" and Balfour's "Life," and set to work to discover the root of Henley's displeasure, the fount of his gall. It is needless to say that all I discovered was teeming good-will to Henley, overflowing love and unselfish service. It was Stevenson, with Leslie Stephen, who found Henley in a hospital and nursed him to health. Stevenson aided Henley to get recognition for his literary talents, and when he became an editor Stevenson wrote some of his most famous things for him. Henley was of use to Stevenson also, acting as his literary agent for a time, and getting for him some of those early and precious ten-pound notes.

So long as Stevenson's personality was in contact with Henley his acerbity was kept in check. He wrote many reviews of Stevenson's work, and he wrote of Stevenson in a key of warm appreciation and personal love. He was counted as one of Stevenson's closest and most faithful friends. But Henley is a slasher. He "hews to the line," and he often hews through the line. He must hew. He could not refrain from trying to achieve notoriety by attacking the writer, whom the world is just taking to its bosom, and, by injecting a discordant note in the chorus of appreciation, to draw some brief notice to himself. He was willing to risk being branded as a turn-coat; he faced the probability of being esteemed ungrateful, a despoiler of a dead friend. His philippic (it is no whit better) has no critical merit; it merely reveals that Henley is not fine enough to allow for temperamental differences which made some of Stevenson's ways distasteful to him. That is the gravamen of his plaint, if a careful study of it justifies even so much definiteness.

It is quite easy to construct a baser reason for Henley's gall. Had he an ambition to write the "Life?" After Sidney Colvin found he could not do it, did Henley conceive that the task should have been his? He said, of the years of his intimacy with Stevenson, "none living now can pretend to speak of them with any such authority as mine." Quite likely. It is probable that Henley would have written a life superior to that of Balfour; that would not be a very great literary feat. To justify himself it seems incumbent upon Henley to write a critical sketch of Stevenson. He has insinuated some ugly things; uglier things than he says outright, and common honesty requires that he substantiate them. He has said too much or too little. He says that Stevenson began to "adumbrate" himself when he went to California to marry his wife. It seems to me that Henley has accomplished a large adumbration in this article, this voice from the tomb of a friendship always held sacred by Stevenson. Stevenson lavished himself upon Henley, but Henley only remembers that Stevenson was not the cold, self-suspecting organism he is obliged to endure in himself.

No lover of Stevenson will shrink from a searching analysis of his work or of his personality. Indeed, it is already said by some able and versed critics that Stevenson the man was greater than Stevenson the author, and will live longer. This compels study of Stevenson the man; rends away the veil of privacy which even moderns sometimes allow before the personalities of writers. We will welcome a frank study of the man; not so much what he did—we know that—but what he was. We do not know enough about that, if we are to take Stevenson as one of the notably great figures of the nineteenth century. But we do not want Henleys to arise and tell us that Stevenson adumbrated himself. It is indeed no sin to adumbrate,

if we separate the word from the contempt in which Henley used it. The dictionary has a clean definition for the word; Henley means to insinuate that Stevenson unduly prospected himself, and offensively revealed hitherto unsuspected baseness. He throws the word at Stevenson's memory as though it were a bucket of pitch—and he finds his own hands tarred.

A contemptuous spirit shows all the way through this precious essay. It is not that he pillories Stevenson; it is that he insinuates, and throws dirt by innuendo. He says Stevenson "booked a steerage berth to New York, and thence trained it 'across the plains,' and ended for the time being as a married man and a Silverado squatter;" that he sang the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" to "all manner of verses, decent sometimes;" "I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein;" he refers to his memory of Stevenson "the unmarried" as though something lurked behind the fact of his being unmarried; something alive in the mind of Henley that should be no more than hinted at, but must be hinted at. The spirit of innuendo pervades the article, and one cannot avoid the conclusion that it was spitefully written to blacken Stevenson's memory. Whether or not Henley is able to blacken Stevenson's memory, a generous reader cannot avoid concluding that he is successful in belittling himself.

It is refreshing to note that Stevenson probably understood and appreciated Henley better than that gentleman suspected. The "Letters" reveal this, but not manifestly. One must read between the lines. Sometime this appreciation is made obvious, thinly disguised as horse-play. Once Henley criticised, cheaply, some of Stevenson's verse, and the poet retorted in a letter that is one of the raciest in the two volumes. It is worth quoting, a paragraph at least:

"Heavens! have I done the like? 'Clarify and strain' indeed? 'Make it like Marvell,' no less. I'll tell you what—you may go to the devil; that's what I think. 'Be eloquent' is another of your pregnant suggestions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for that one. Portrait of a person about to be eloquent at the request of a literary friend. You seem to forget sir, that rhyme is rhyme, sir, and—go to the devil."

"I'll try to improve it, but I shan't be able to—O, go to the devil."

Stevenson inclosed an impromptu poem in this letter, which ran thus:

O Henley, in my hours of ease
You may say anything you please,
But when I join the Muses' revel,
Begad, I wish you at the devil!
In vain my verse I plane and bevel,
Like Banville's rhyming devotees;
In vain by many an artful swivel
Lag in my meaning by degrees;
I'm sure to hear my Henley cavi;
And groveling prostrate on my knees,
Devote his body to the seas,
His correspondence to the devil!

Once Henley urged Stevenson to demand a larger price for a piece of work the author regarded as inferior, and therefore lowered his price. Stevenson flamed up and poured his indignant protest out in a letter to Henley:

"As for not giving a reduction, what are we? Are we artists or city men? Why do we sneer at stock-brokers? O nary; I will not take the £40. I took that as a fair price for my best work; I was not able to produce my best; and I will be damned if I steal with my eyes open. *Sufficit*. This is my lookout. As for the paper being rich, certainly it is; but I am honorable. It is no more above me in money than the poor slaveys and cads from whom I look for honesty are below me. . . . I do not live much to God and honor; but I will not willfully turn my back on both."

It is useless longer to contemplate the divagations of Mr. Henley; it is provocative of disgust. He is not the man to understand Stevenson, despite his big claim to know more about him than any other. What he brings against Stevenson is immaterial, even if we were compelled to admit its truth. Stevenson was human, therefore frail. He was not a god; he was a great artist. No preacher since Christ has lived up to his preaching. It does not matter. We are inspired and elevated by the preaching, and if we know of the lapses of the preacher, we are comforted in the contemplation of our own. Stevenson preached a good creed, a high creed, a sweet and a pure creed. He constantly strove to live the doctrine he preached. But he was an artist. If he slipped one day, the fervor of the next more than restored the high average. Death walked arm in arm with him all the way from the cradle to the grave, and the bony fingers were many times plucking at Stevenson's throat, but he did not waver, he

did not whimper, he never seemed to shudder. He read the riddle of life; he interpreted it to us. For that we love him, and forgive him all that he was not. His physical and mental and moral natures were supersensitive—easily received impressions, luminously interpreted them and conveyed them to us in the honeyed solution of his supreme literary art.

We thank God for Stevenson. As to Henley, we say seriously what Stevenson said humorously, "O, go to the devil!"

* * * * *

WOONG A WIFE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THEY had been married four years before he knew that his wooing was in vain. He had begun by worshipping her from afar, sighing as a child might for the virgin moon, yet sure of its inaccessibility. At last when he came nigh and touched her hand and felt her cool breath on his face, it was as if a lily blushed and exhaled a perfume, and in the awakening of his passion he thought himself a sorcerer who had achieved a grand and wondrous thing.

He had known lovely women who were frail and frail women who were not fair, and yet some who were neither frail nor fair, and he had fared well with the evil ones and ill with the good; so that when he found her beautiful and infinitely good, but yet accessible to siege, he sat down before the white, shining walls of her personality and invested her round about till she was won.

Then, for awhile, he was dazzled with the splendor of his triumph. He felt he was unfit to occupy so fair and holy a sanctuary. Their lips had not met till after their wedding, so rare was the measure of her reserve, so remote the priceless treasure which he sought. He wooed her then as husbands seldom woo, safe in the consciousness of untiring ardor, proud now of the fury of his passions, mighty in fidelity, hope and opportunity.

And she gave him all she had, and that meant loyalty, service, respect, attention—all but that which good men prize highest. Her eyes were like the stars which lighted his nights; her presence like the first breeze of winter.

And so he wooed his wife till she wondered at her own marvellous power over him. He hoped and hoped and told again the old story, which she did not understand, till at last, though she did not know it, she became weary of his adulation, puzzled by his allegories and confused with his moonings of a mystery that touched her not.

"I have given all, done all," she said to herself; "what more can woman do?"

In two years he began to doubt, but his doubts were yet of himself. Sometimes he fancied that he had given all and taken nothing—that he was the wind and the flame and the tow blowing, blazing and burning in a bare place in the moonlight, where his might moved nothing, his light illumined nothing and his ardor warmed nothing. And yet he would not abjure his faith in nature. He fancied that he knew womankind, for he was young. He knew that her fidelity, her virtue, her heart were fixed and constant as the polar star, and—at last he began to wish that they were less so, and wishing, thought of the women he had subdued.

Doubt, the shadow of failure, fell upon him when he knew she was to become a mother. It was then they quarrelled first and he saw at last that she could hate though she could not love. But yet he hoped and dreamed of a new and tender awakening—when the child should come.

For months an unspoken reproach was in her eyes, the frown of suffering and dismay upon her unwrinkled brow, the rancor of some inexplicable hurt in her placid tones, and he was kinder, gentler, more silent than ever, for a new hope, of which she shared nothing, was being born.

The child came in April and died in June, a sickly, tiny little boy upon which the mother lavished a strange and speculative regard. When it had come and gone she knew all that she ever was to know of tenderness, but the agony of her travail and the fleeting torment of parting hardened

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The average man pays about 50c for Suspenders. Now, what could be more acceptable than a gift of a pair of those fancy Silk Suspenders at a dollar, or those with sterling silver or Roman gold buckles at \$1.50 up to \$3.00 a pair?

There is also the finest line of Suspenders with American or imported webs, elastic or nonelastic, nickel or gold plated sliding buckles, ends of calf, kid or braided silk, sizes for men and for boys. Prices 25c and 50c.

Or Full Dress Shields?

Nobby things for the carefully dressed man—black satin or Ottoman silk, with or without collars white satin lined, either plain or quilted, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each.

Or Neckwear?

Here is the only line where fashion and etiquette permit a man to wear colors. It is easy to learn a man's taste in colors, and an inspection of our lines will do the rest.

We show the finest line of Neckwear at 50c in the city. Every shape, color and style that any man of any taste could want is here.

If you could spare a dollar for it, we would suggest the new Revinna Four-in-Hand, or the new Ionia Imperial, or the new Trafalgar Teck, not to mention the new Prescott Puffs and Richmond Squares.

Or Silk Mufflers?

Attention is called to the comprehensive line of satin-lined or reversible Mufflers in Oxford shape at 50c up to \$1.50 each, and to the new Opera shape at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 each.

Nugent's

her thin heart against her husband forever. There was venom in her tears, then, and in his the salt of a withered, used-up heart.

If she had been vulgar and he had been dull they would have hated each other openly, but instead they were silent, and sat staring at the squalor of their splendid home, tombed alive in smothering companionship.

"I can't stand this," she said, at last "I am going home."

"What home?"

"My home," she sneered, "you know I have one."

"To stay?" he mused aloud.

"Yes. Mother has asked me. I'd have had her here all the time, but you know she never was welcome while you had anything to say."

"Never," he agreed; and then: "Have I nothing to say now?" with dreary interest.

"I think not," she snapped "you've had your say."

"Divorce?" he drawled, tinkling his tea-cup with a spoon.

"If you dare!" she challenged. "You cannot divorce me."

"Unless you desert me," he said, with a dim flash of anger.

She bit her thin lip, and they were silent.

"It would be better for your reputation—you were always very tender with that," he murmured "it would be best for you that I desert."

"As you please," she answered, leaving the table.

He packed his own bag and left the house alone. The cue was palpable even to her slow mind. Her mother came and, in time, he was divorced.

He came back at Christmas time and let himself into the deserted house. The dust of emptiness was on everything, the echoes of his footsteps reminded him of the clay falling on a small coffin. He went into his study to look at the picture of the lost boy upon whom his last, vain hopes had builded and fallen. It was gone.

He searched the creaking closets and the swollen, dim rooms for the rattles he had bought too soon; for the little mountain of white garments that had touched the baby. There was no sign of them.

Then he went down town to his office to forget. His desk was piled high with accumulated mail. The place was deserted, except for the cat, the dirty, selfish cat, which purred for caresses and yielded none. And in the mass of letters he found one which was fat and odorous of an unforgotten perfume. He opened it and found within a

little pair of baby's stockings, pinked with ribbon, and, pinned to it, a note:

"Thought you might like these for Xmas."

It was *her* writing. He struck a match to his cigar and said:

"Damned thoughtful—wonder how she meant it?"

And then he looked about the empty work-place and cursed the four years he had wasted.

YULE TIDE BOOKS.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

I SYMPATHIZE heartily with Mr. George French in his opinion of "Parson Kelly" in his article in the Christmas number of this paper. There was a fine book compound of the real spirit of adventure and romance. This year the author of "Parson Kelly," Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who wrote that book with Mr. Andrew Lang, has given us another story "Clementina." It is not as fine as the earlier book, yet it is worth a wilderness of the things we see typed large in the newspapers and on bill-boards. Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson's in "The House Divided" is also admirable. In another place, a week or so ago, I named Mr. George Moore's "Sister Teresa," as "the book of the year." My reasons were expounded in this paper when the book was new. Since then, however, I have read a greater book, Mr. George Douglas' "The House with the Green Shutters." The author is Scotch, as is the story: we see village life down to the bone; compared with Barrie's villages "The House with the Green Shutters" is as Balzac to Bertha Clay. A great many good judges think highly of Mr. Norris' "The Octopus," with its truths about the Southern Pacific Railroad's monopoly of a nation's wheat and welfare. I allow Mr. Norris a tremendous bent for truth, but he is almost equally eager in tastelessness. He has not many books in his score yet; he has time galore. But when an author's first book is "The House with the Green Shutters" then may one expect splendid things from him. Mr. George Douglas is a person to "wait for."

Mention just now of Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson leads me to the literary dispute of the hour, caused by Mr. William Ernest Henley's article on "R. L. S." in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Some American newspapers, notably the *Washington Post*, have gone so far as to ask "Who is Henley anyway?" Ignorance as to Henley should debar any person or newspaper from discussing literature of any sort. Quite aside from Henley's own fine achievements in letters, he is the most noted foster-father of literary reputations in our day and age. Kipling, Stevenson, and a

host of lesser men have Henley to thank for their chief advancements and encouragements. Kenneth Graham and Marriott-Watson are among the younger men he has stood sponsor for. Yet ignore me ask who Henley is! Very opportunely there is published just at this time a new volume of Mr. Henley's verse entitled "Hawthorn and Lavender." The dispute will give these new Henley poems an adventitious stimulus; lovers of poetry for its own sake cannot do better than this fine, vigorous, hearty, manly verse. It has the beautiful "In Memoriam" on Queen Victoria, and the tremendous "Epilogue" in which the poet sees his people emerging from despond, and goes

Armoured and militant,
New-pithed, new-souled, new-visioned, up the steep
To those great altitudes, whereat the weak
Live not. But only the strong
Have leave to strive and suffer and achieve.

The book also has the quatrain for the late George Warrington Steevens, another Henley protege. When Steevens' "Things Seen" was published, the finest thing in it was Mr. Henley's memoir. And yet there be folk to ask who Henley is! If you want a brief epitome of just that side of Stevenson which provoked Mr. Henley you cannot do better than read Mr. John F. Genung's "Stevenson's Attitude To Life." It will soon show you why Henley liked not "the Shorter Catechist" in R. L. S.

ELECTRIC WONDERS.

BY W. M. R.

MIGHTY as is the fuss about Marconi's achievement in receiving a wireless signal across the ocean, the fact is not new. What had been done for short distances was to be done for long distances. Every intelligent telegrapher has long known that wireless telegraphy was imminent. The real electrical news was hidden in the papers on the same day as the Marconi flourish. It came from France, where an experimenter was reported to have perfected an instrument whereby one could see a man at the end of a long wire just as now one can hear a man by wire over many miles. That is the invention the race is waiting for, one that will do for the eye what the telephone does for the ear. When that is done there will be a whole world of wonders opened up. We shall see St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the Duomo, the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal without leaving our homes, shall see our friends as we talk to them over the long distance telephone, shall see, perhaps, the men on Mars, and through Saturn's rings. Some of us may see by wire across the ocean before we die.

WORLD'S FAIR PROGRESS.

(From the *New York Sun*, December 12th.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I noticed the following in to-day's *Globe-Democrat*:

The work of constructing a fence about the World's Fair site will begin to-day. Post holes have been dug for a long distance along the east side of Skinker road.

I am pleased to see this evidence of progress in the physical development of the \$17,000,000 Exposition, as I sincerely hope for its success. I also hope that by next spring the cordon of post holes may entirely surround the site, and that even if the entire site is not fenced in, the "Skinker road" may be fenced out. I never liked the sound of it, and they can't make that fence too high to suit me.

But the principal thing I wish to note is the assured complacency with which all the St. Louis newspapers stick to the idiotic falsehood that the Exposition is going to be ready to open for exhibition on May 1, 1903. It will not be, and they have every reason to know that it will not, yet they keep up the pretence, and no one can get in a word of truth edgewise.

The Exposition is to be larger and more comprehensive than was the Chicago Fair, yet at a corresponding period before that opened in December, 1891, nearly every building on the ground was well under way. The Woman's Building, Fisheries Building, and the Horticultural Building were nearly completed. The Transportation, Electric, Agricultural and Administrative Buildings were begun. The site of the Art Building was completed. The framework of the Mines and Mining Building was up, and nearly half the flooring had been laid in the great 32-acre Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

Six months' work had been done by December 20, 1891, on a fair that was to open in 1893, yet on December 20, 1901, St. Louis proposes to celebrate the first formal breaking of ground for a larger fair, which the St. Louis papers allege is to be ready to open in 1903!

It is true that improvements have been made in methods of construction since 1891, but there is more to construct. It appears to me that some of the local commission should grasp the fact that the work of building such an exposition is a larger job than that of getting up the mummery of a Veiled Prophet's parade. At the rate matters have progressed this summer the fair will not be ready till 1905. The monotonous mendacity of the local papers, in the face of the facts, is exasperating to any St. Louisian. If you can jolt the St. Louis papers out of their fat-headed foolishness in maintaining that all's well, you will do us a service and the Fair, too.

For the full information of those who have not seen the World's Fair grounds, I will admit that the paragraph I have quoted does not summarize all the actual work that has been done. A large number of surveyors' stakes have been driven, thirty or forty acres of trees cut down, 3,000 cords of firewood piled up, and a small lake drained—by simply opening the sewer and letting it run out. I saw those things last Sunday, and I have the *Globe-Democrat's* word for the post holes. I give you the word of a St. Louis eyewitness that nothing else has been done.

W. L. C.

ST. LOUIS, December 6th.

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

THE DEATH ROLL.

GEORGE A. MADILL.

An influence potent for good in St. Louis, was removed in the death of George A. Madill, president of the Union Trust Company, on the morning of December 11th. Judge Madill was not only a great lawyer and a great financier. He was a good man. His probity was almost a proverb in the business and professional world. His judgement was founded on rigid regard for truth and honesty, and it was accepted as truth and fairness by everyone. He was a simple man, and so diffidently modest and withdrawing that his virtues were known only to the few he admitted to intimacy. His methods of well-doing were unostentatious, but not even his diffidence could always keep hidden his kindness of heart. He was that rare thing, a just man who was also merciful in judgement. Though a brilliant lawyer he never was one to seek advantage by cunning or evasion. What he said or wrote was accepted without question in the most hotly contested disputes and, generally, spontaneously by both sides. He was one man whom every body in the local world of high finance was ready to accept as an arbiter of differences. More than that, dealing as he did with and for many men interested in quasi public enterprises he never advised them to take or do all that their cunning or power enabled them to take or to do. As adviser to such men he never failed to represent quite clearly the rights of the public, and very often he, the attorney for such men, forced them to desist from things they would and could have done against the public interest. As lawyer and financier he felt himself, in a way, a public servant, and he always opposed corporation rapacity. Many a thing the business and political bosses would have done solely because they wanted to do it, but for Judge Madill's firm stand against them as a citizen. Judge Madill was the friend of the young man, and his friendship knew no faltering. This city is full of professional and business successes in life, fostered by Judge Madill. He never ceased to look for talent, and, finding it, he never failed to contrive for it opportunity for demonstration. The men who knew him loved him and trusted their all in his hands. He held his friends "without capitulation" always, and his goodness and gentleness were such as to give to the relations with his intimates a touch of something like the tenderness that goes out to and emanates from a woman of the finer sort. He did much to build up St. Louis in building up fine, strong-charactered men in St. Louis. And so the opening sentence of his all unworthy notice must be retracted; Judge Madill's influence for good in St. Louis is not removed; it lives in the men whose lives and works he shaped and directed along the higher, better way.

FRED W. LEMP.

The death of Fred W. Lemp, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lemp, at Pasadena, Cal., has plunged into mourning a wide range of prominent St. Louisians. The taking off of this young man was particularly sad because of the bright promise of his character and attainments. He had graduated from Washington University and taken post graduate courses in chemistry and physics and engineering and had stepped fully prepared into active business life in connection with his father's and brothers in the great brewery bearing the family name. He

Following the
Dissolution of
Two Important
Competitors,
We have, in order
to meet the demands
of Our Increasing
Business,

Enlarged Our Store Space,
Enlarged Our Manufacturing
Plant,
Increased Our Force of Salesmen,
Added an Up-to-Date Stationery
Department,
And Nearly Doubled the Size of
Our Stock.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Seventh and Locust Streets.

AN ACCEPTABLE AND
USEFUL GIFT—

SILK
UMBRELLA
OR
CANE.
ALL GRADES

Our Holiday Line
is Worth Seeing.

WE MADE THEM.

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LOCUST,
Near Sixth St.

Namendorfs
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Usona

Corner King's Highway and
McPherson Avenue.

Opened September 25th.

New Family Hotel • European and American • Cafe.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

FRANK M. WHITE, Manager.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. • Strictly High Class. • Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

married, only two years ago, Miss Irene Virden and had become a father but twelve months since. He was the incarnation of high spirits, was interested in various activities social, and in the line of gentlemen's sports, was a brilliant man in company and seemed fitted in every way not only to extract the best pleasures from life but to make others a sharer in those pleasures. He was ill only a few months and such was his bearing under disease that his death at the age of twenty-eight came as a sudden great shock to his family and friends. He was very popular in many different circles of St. Louis and his wife, his parents, his brothers and sisters have the sympathy of the whole community.

A DARING DRAMATIST: "Do you mean to say that the scene of your play is laid in the infernal regions?" "Yes," said the persistent young man with the manuscript, "I asked the manager where he thought I ought to go for a plot, and I am following his advice."—*Washington Star*.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

Wife (at breakfast): "I didn't hear you when you came in last night." Husband: "I guess that's the reason I didn't hear you."

Shop Early



Don't put off
your holiday
shopping till
the last minute.
We can give

you better service if you begin
in time.

Our lines are complete and
sizes unbroken in

Overcoats and Suits

for Men, Youths and Children.
Everything we show is new,
correct in style, and our prices
are very reasonable.

OUR

Furnishings Department

Is filled with suggestions for gifts
to men.

A glance in our handsome,
crystal show cases will do more
than a whole catalogue to help
you to appropriate selections.

Browning, King & Co.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the
E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and
is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery
department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mer-
cantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kern have returned from
a trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd B. Stephenson have gone
to San Antonio, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Pallen have gone to house-
keeping at 4119A Olive street.

Mrs. George Castleman is entertaining Mrs.
Harlan Cable, of Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. E. H. Boogher has been entertaining
Miss Adele Bishop, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Frances Carroll will give a luncheon on
December 24th, to her Mary Institute classmates.
Mrs. Henry V. Lucas, of Norfolk, Va., is visit-
ing Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, of Washington
boulevard.

Mrs. Charles Y. Carr has returned to the city
after several years, and is located at the St.
Nicholas hotel.

Miss Margaret Jackson will leave this even-
ing for Washington, D. C., to visit her grand-
father, Senator Vest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barker, are enter-
taining Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Mrs.
Hirsch, of Dallas, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner and their little
baby son, will leave, Jan. 28th, for a tour of Old
Mexico and tropical points.

Mrs. Edward Simmons Lewis has sent out
cards for Thursday afternoon, December 26th, in
honor of Miss Marion Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron T. Nugent are in New
York to attend the marriage of their son, Mr.
Edwin Nugent, to Miss Olga Clinton.

Mrs. Francis Balfour York will give a tea on
Friday afternoon, December 20th, in honor of
her daughter, Miss Marguerite York.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert have issued in-
vitations for a ball Monday evening, December
30th, for their daughter, Miss Lily Lambert.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Moon have sent out
invitations for a dance on Tuesday evening,
December 24th, in honor of their son and
daughter.

Mr. R. B. Dula will give a young peoples dance
on Christmas night, for her daughter, Miss
Belva Dula, her son, Mr. Grover Dula and their
classmates.

Mrs. E. H. Semple will give a tea on Friday,
December 20th, for her daughter, Miss Julia
Semple. A dance, on Christmas night, is also
contemplated.

Mrs. Martha G. Reynolds has issued invita-
tions for a buffet luncheon on Saturday, De-
cember 28th, in honor of her daughter, Miss
Florence Reynolds.

Miss Margaret Long and her brother, Mr.
Breckenridge Long, will arrive this week to
spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Breckenridge Long.

Mrs. Charles Wesley Nugent has sent out cards
for a reception, which she will give, on Friday
afternoon, December 27th, in honor of Miss
Nugent, and Miss Adele Jones.

Mrs. Festus J. Wade will entertain, on Thurs-
day afternoon, December 26th, with an afternoon
tea, for her daughters, Misses Estella and Marie
Wade. A dance will follow in the evening.

St. Louis friends have received cards from Mr.
and Mrs. William Eustis Hill, of Keytesville,
Mo., who will celebrate their thirtieth wed-
ding anniversary at their home, on Decem-
ber 26th.

Mrs. Isaac W. Morton and Mrs. J. G. Street
have sent out cards for a ball at the Country
Club, on Friday, December 27th, for their two
young daughters, Miss Irene Catlin and Miss
Florence Street.

Mrs. Crawford Henry Duncan, has sent out
cards for an "At Home," which she will give on
Thursday afternoon, December 26th to meet Miss
Lucy Duncan. Mrs. Walter Edmond Grayson's
card is enclosed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson celebrated their
golden wedding anniversary on Wednesday.
The event was entirely a family affair but as
there is such a large family connection a large
number of guests were present. Mrs. Johnson
was formerly Miss Lucas.

The Imperial Club gave their first ball of the
season on Tuesday evening, at the St. Louis Club.
Mr. F. D. Hirschberg, the club president, pre-
sided, and at midnight a delightful hot supper
was served. The ladies who were the chaperones
of the evening were Mesdames John D. Davis,
Jesse January, Howard Elliot and Charles
Nagel.

A large entertainment was given last Friday
evening by Mr. and Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer.
After the reception a number of young people
were invited to remain and dance in the big
ball room. The receiving party consisted of
Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and Miss Ruth Spencer.

Xmas Gifts



CUT 1/4 SCALE

Gentlemen's Traveling Set, \$18.

Sterling Silver, 7 pieces in Real Seal Leather,
Folding Case, Toilet Bottle, Heavy Nail Scis-
sors, 2 Military Hair Brushes, Comb, Nail File,
Combination Tooth Brush.

25c to \$10,000.

OUR collection of Fine
Dressing Table Ware
is most complete—

Brush and Comb Set, Man-
icure Sets, Curling Irons,
Vinaigrettes, Pomade
Vases, and hundreds of
Novelties in Solid Silver
and Gold and Solid Silver
and Gold Mountings.

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BROADWAY, COR.
LOCUST ST.



Miss Loulie Spencer, who is still in the school
room, assisted in dispensing the honors.

Mrs. H. N. Spencer entertained on Tuesday
evening, assisted by Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson,
in honor of Miss Mildred Lee, of Lexington, Va.
Among those present were Messrs. and Mes-
dames, Leroy Valliant, George Jackson, Phil
Chew, Wm. Williamson, S. S. Blackwell, Henry
Bond, Chas Cox, Huntington Smith, John Cole.
Shrieve Carter. Mesdames Celeste Pim, Mary
Polk Winn, Mary Branch, John E. Liggett.

Mrs. Brainerd Allison, of 4310 Delmar bou-
levard, gave a tea on Monday afternoon, in honor
of her guest, Mrs. Vincent Gale, of Chicago.
Mrs. Allison received with Mrs. Gale in hand-
some toilettes. The serving was done by Misses
Amy Townsend, Beth Hudson, Nellie Willard
and Edna Dozier. Four ladies without hats
assisted. They were Mesdames Pilcher, L.
Pierce, Alex Pierce and Wilkerson. Among the
guests were Mesdames Charles Nugent, Casey
Witherspoon, W. J. Gilbert, George D. Barnard,
William J. Silver, George Barclay, Franklin
Armstrong, Theodore Plummer, Hugh McElroy,
Calvin Lightner, Frankie Reed, George P.
Massengale, Misses Marie Teasdale, Adele
Jones.

An entertainment was given, on Wednesday
afternoon, at Jefferson Barracks, by Major and
Mrs. Edwards, in honor of Miss Mildred Lee,
who is being entertained by her cousin, Mr.
William H. Lee, of Vandeventer place. Miss
Lee had expressed a desire to visit the barracks
where her illustrious father, Gen. Robert E. Lee,
was once stationed. Mrs. William Williamson,
therefore, mentioned her wish to Commander
Edwards, who promptly issued invitations for the
reception. Mrs. Finis Marshall placed at
the disposal of Miss Lee's escort of ladies, a
private car for the trip. Among the ladies who
accompanied Miss Lee, were Misses and Mes-
dames William Williamson, Drummond, Leroy
B. Valliant, Harrison Drummond, George P. B.
Jackson, Finis E. Marshall, John A. Lee, J. R.
Winchester, Mesdames William Eggleston, J. C.
Van Blarcom, R. K. Walker, Miss Janet Lee and
Mr. William H. Lee.

Stops the Cough
and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold
in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick,
Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to in-
form his friends that he is now connected
with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile
Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

OUR MOTHERS' COOK BOOK.

"Our Mothers' Cook Book," carefully
compiled by a number of St. Louis' most
prominent society ladies, contains recipes of
many delicacies and dainties known in the
better homes of this city, but to be found in
no other cook book. They range from the
old fashioned plain home cooking to the
newest achievements in cuisine across the
water. The number of unique concoctions
is surprising. "Our Mothers' Cook Book"
is on sale at Barr's. The proceeds from all
sales will be devoted to charitable purposes.
Thus in procuring a valuable article, the
purchaser will also be helping a good cause.

MISS BESSIE MOORE.

Teacher of Elocution, Dramatic Art, Physical
Culture, (Delsarte System.) Engagements made
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Room Z. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

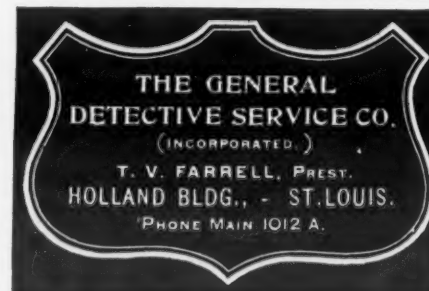
After the theater, before the matinee
or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to
ladies for the quiet elegance of its
appointments, its superior cuisine
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NEW BOOKS.

Mr. George W. Cable, who was two years a cavalryman in the Fourth Mississippi, has made a departure from his usual style in his recent historical novel, "The Cavalier." The story, dealing principally with Ferry's Scouts and the love affair of their leader, *Ned Ferry*, narrates events of the Civil War from a Confederate standpoint. The author's heroine, *Charlotte*, is a fascinating creature, loyal to the Confederacy, but unhappily married to a man for whom she has no affection. Twice the obnoxious husband is reported dead and each time, to the discomfiture of all, he returns. The third time, however, he is shot and burned, and then the story which, up to this time, has moved with swift action suddenly drags, and one's interest has almost completely waned when *Charlotte* and *Ned* are married. The love story of *Richard Thorndyke Smith* and *Camille Harper*, two secondary characters, is quite cleverly interwoven, and, although it cannot hold the reader captive and leave as sweet memories as those of "Madam Delphine," still, "The Cavalier" will prove quite interesting. The Cable cult will enjoy it, even though it does seem a little like an effort on the author's part to get back into the South's good graces after that section's resentment of his alleged Northern toadyism. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price, \$1.50.)

"Nightside of Nature," by Catherine Crowe, a book published nearly fifty years ago, again placed before the public under the imprint of Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, is, from several points of view, one of the most interesting works of the kind on the market. It deals with a subject in which mankind, from earliest days, has taken more interest than in anything else: that of evidence bearing upon the possibility of existence after death. It is a careful compilation of folk-lore, in part, and of what the author sincerely believed to be well authenticated narratives of happenings out of the ordinary, of allegorical dreams, presentiments, warnings, wraiths, apparitions, haunted houses, spectral lights and the like, pertaining to the phenomena of the supernatural. These are not merely a conglomeration of fables and "ghost" stories but are elucidated on alleged scientific bases, in a manner which, when taking into consideration that when written, modern spiritualism was as yet unknown, the Society of Psychical Research unfounded and practically little or nothing known of hypnotism, mark its author a remarkable woman, far in advance of her day and generation. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the introduction, by Thompson Jay Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

Mr. Clifton Johnston, in "The Isle of the Shamrock" gives a simple yet faithful account of his travels in Ireland, of his impressions upon first viewing the famous Lakes of Killarney, of his visits to old monasteries and castles, to picturesque ruins and of visits, too, to quaint, humble Irish homes, and deftly interpolated are anecdotes of the witty natives. There are many good illustrations throughout and these, with Mr. Johnson's very tolerant attitude towards the

other fellow's point of view made the book especially pleasing. (The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York. Price, \$2.00.)

"Mr. Munchausen," an account of some of his recent adventures, by telephone, beyond the Styx, John Kendrick Bangs' latest series of stories is funny—if you like the Bangs style of funnyism. The preface and introduction are of a more subtle quality than the stories, but for that reason will hardly be as amusing as the tales in a broader vein. The authors' defense of Munchausen is moderately good mockery. The tales are harmless (Riggs Printing Co., Albany, N. Y.)

"Orloff and His Wife," a collection of short stories by Maxim Gorky, reveals the author of "Foma Gordyeff" in no new light. The tales have a grim, dark power. They are bluntly told but they peel off the Russian's skin and reveal the soul of the Tartar. Gorky is not good for steady reading, and these tales break the strain at about the right time. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.)

"A Japanese Miscellany," by Lafcadio Hearn, will appeal to those who like to learn of the habits and customs of queer people, but above all to those students who delve into metaphysics and religious lore. The book is what its name implies, a miscellany. There are quaint stories of folk-lore, stories of the inner life of the Japanese. The tragic note enters into the tales rather insistently. Other chapters are devoted to the literature of unwritten song and tradition, and in these latter are centered the principal interest. While quite pleasant, save for the too continuous irruption of Japanese phrases and words, this last production of Mr. Hearn's has not the mystic charm "In Ghostly Japan," or "Unfamiliar Japan" had, nor is there anything in this work which gives us that impression of charming fluidity of style that we have long associated with this child of an Irish father and Greek mother. "The Case of O-Dai" is pathetic in the extreme, even if it is a powerfully



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sardonic, through inferential, indictment of the folly of so called Japanese conversions to Christianity. Mr. Hearn has written much better of his chosen country, infinitely better in "Kokoro," and it is to be regretted that he should allow his ethnological and entomological enthusiasms to mar his otherwise entertaining accounts of the ever interesting Orientals. Mr. Hearn is not writing, here, as an artist. He is trying to propagandize for Buddhism. (Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.60.)

"The Story of a Young Man," by Clifford Howard, is a wholly new presentation of the Christ life. It recounts the story from a human standpoint. The Christ is simply shown as a young man, and his life, until the time of His being condemned to death, saving for the miracles performed, is delineated much the same as any other character would be. But it is not exactly what one would call reverent. The book, beautifully illustrated by W. L. Taylor and T. Guernsey Moore and handsomely bound, is thought appropriate for a Christmas offering. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.50.)

Lillian Whiting's fourth book of the "World Beautiful" series, entitled "The World Beautiful In Books," a curiously discriminating presentment of typical thought from many masters in literature, is really a guide to judicious selection of books for young folks and grown up people as well. The book is Miss Whiting's poetry scrap-book with a setting of comment. Some of the comment is rather flat and platitudinous, but there is a great deal of very superior matter gathered from many fields of reading. The author's spiritist "bug" is in evidence in two or three places. She offers many helpful suggestions to the parent and teacher in the selection of reading matter that will benefit the child mind and interest it in the greater literature. Miss Whiting's handling of her material is quite adequate and the result is certain to please the lovers of the best literary craftsmanship, although there is some exceedingly flimsy poetry included in the quotations. The volume is prettily bound and is appropriate for the holiday season.

Two of the recent issues in the "Beacon Biographies" are "Alexander Hamilton" and "Henry W. Longfellow." They are admirably condensed biographies penetrated by illuminative criticism of the character and work of the subjects. The "Hamilton" is especially judicial and the "Longfellow" is

much more interesting than one would think that very proper person and very tame poet could possibly be made. Each volume contains an excellent chronology and a bibliography. (Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, 75c each.)

One of the pleasantest of many presentation books is "Modern Athens," by George Horton. It is a good piece of descriptive writing, a good specimen of the modern illustrated book and it shows the best sort of printing and binding. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Everybody should read Wallace Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." The sonnets are in perfect form. The language is slang of the most pronounced sort. The effect of the form and the substance in conjunctive contrast is simply excruciatingly funny. The book has a mock-historic and philologic introduction by Gelett Burgess, himself neither a mean humorist, indifferent poet or inefficient patterer of the flash. The book, really, for all its absurdity, does reveal the truth of Mr. Burgess' dictum that slang is "the illegitimate sister of poetry." No one who reads these "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" will fail to pass them along. They are the high-water mark of patter literature, the evolution of "Chimmie Fadden," "Billy Baxter," "Checkers" and George Ade's "Fables in Slang." They are issued attractively by Elder and Shepherd, San Francisco.

The Forest Park University Alumnae and School Association has recently issued an interesting paper, edited by Mrs. Edith Reagan Clarke, called the *Forest Park Alumnae News*. This publication, contributed to by Mrs. Anna Sneed Cairns, president of the Forest Park University; Mrs. Innis Hopkins, honorary president for life of the Alumnae Association; Mrs. A. A. B. Woertheide, acting president; Mrs. John T. Long, Miss Alma O. Ford, Miss Pearle Corl and former students of the University, will be published monthly for the purpose of keeping in touch all the pupils and classmates, and of chronicling the progress of the Alumnae Association. The starting of this paper, which is gotten out in a bright, up-to-date style, bespeaks a very commendable enterprise and one that should be accorded the hearty support of all the former pupils of this University.

The sale of American shoes continues to increase in Great Britain, the English manufacturers apparently confining their attempts to stem this commercial invasion by writing pathetic letters to the papers, in which they declare there will be empty chairs by the fireside if the English persist in buying American shoes. According to some of these letters, the article imported from the United States constitutes danger to life and

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health, being said to be made of the cheapest possible leather, which is quite inadequate to keep dry the feet of the nation which does not wear rubbers. This sort of thing appearing frequently in the London dailies, has elicited an answer in the *Daily Chronicle*, from an American manufacturer, who categorically denies the use of poor leather, and points out that the importation of American rubbers far exceeds the importation of shoes, obviously proving that even English-made shoes require overshoes

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MUSIC.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

Grau opera and a Choral Symphony Concert filled out the week opened with the Nordica recital. The opera season was the same old story of disappointments and consequent unsatisfactory business. Of course Grau declares, as usual, that never again will he cast his operatic pearls before unappreciative Western swine, but undoubtedly by next season the great impressario will change his mind and there will be the usual preliminary tour. The four performances given here all contained features that made them worthy of attention. To our ears, harrowed by the awful sounds that have issued from the orchestra pit during the past three

seasons of English opera at Music Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra was a rare treat. Then the individual work of some of the singers was delightful. Sembrich's *Marguerite* was, vocally, ideal, and in the same cast Eduard de Reszke's *Mephisto* was a memorable performance. Salignac's *Romeo* atoned for many short comings in the opening performance, and "Aida," though inglorious, scenically, was interesting. Eames, as *Aida*, was a study in coloring and draping, and her voice never sounded more glacially pure and perfect. She shirked the high tones—deliberately, openly—and spoiled the climax of the *mia patria* aria, by refusing to take the top C, but she knows how to sing, interprets like a musician, and, above all, her beauty is so disarming that one is more than willing to overlook unsung high C's.

Homer's great voice made her *Amneris* immensely impressive and Journet's noble bass was heard to advantage in the part of the *King*. Otherwise there is little good to be said of the Grau opera season. The poor, awkward *corps de ballet* hopping aimlessly about, aroused the sympathy of the audience and the chorus failed to excite any other feeling. If Mr. Grau, at any time, will bring a complete company here and convince the people that they will hear the singers advertised, he will have no reason to complain of poor business, but until he is prepared to do so he had best give St. Louis a wide berth.

The Symphony Society's concert on Saturday was remarkable, principally, on account of the splendid work of Campanari,

who was the soloist of the occasion. The great baritone sang an aria by Buzzi, new to St. Louis, and tremendously effective, the prologue to "Pagliacci," a serenade with pizzicati accompaniment, a beautiful song by Rotoli, and wound up with the Toreador's song from "Carmen" to which Mr. Ernst furnished a sensational piano accompaniment. Mr. Ernst's own *Vorspiel* was most enthusiastically received. The composition proves that Mr. Ernst knows his orchestra and employed all its resources to give a brilliant setting to several tenuous themes. The work of the orchestra was, throughout, commendable.

PRINCESS CHIC.

That delightful, sparkling comic opera "Princess Chic," which was produced last season at the Century for the first time in St. Louis, is received with storms of applause and roars of laughter at the Olympic this week. The music is bright and catchy; the songs are considerably above the average standard; the jokes and dialogues are bright and pointed; the scenic effects and costumes are costly and gorgeous, and the leading members of the cast decidedly clever and talented. It is a well-rounded performance, with practically no dull spot in it, with good choruses and lots of fun. The company is trying to entertain, and in this achieves an eminent success. Marguerite Sylva, the Belgian beauty, with her voluptuous physique, and big, lustrous, goo-gooing eyes, appears again in the role of *Princess Chic*. Her voice and singing disclose marked improvement, and she was rewarded with several calls for an encore Sunday night. Edna Floyd, as *Estelle*, is as bewitching and charming as ever. Edward S. Metcalf and W. A. Lawrence, the *Soldiers of Fortune*, are inimitable and excellent comedians. Thos. C. Leary, as *Chamberlin*, is still cracking his jokes, of which the public does not seem to tire. He is an amusing show by himself. The Olympic should be doing a good business this week.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The musical comedy, "Florodora," will appear at Century theater beginning Sunday, December 22. In the two dozen songs that have had so much to do with popularizing this peace, the features are "Under The Shade Of The Palms," the double sextette, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," "Tact," "The Fellow Who might," "I've An Inkling," "When I Leave Town," "I Want To Marry A Man," "Galloping" and "Queen Of The Philippine Islands." There are a number of splendidly written numbers for the big chorus, and attractions in the way of duets, trios and other concerted numbers. The principals are Isadore Rush, Bertha Waltzinger, Cuelma Baker, Frances Tyson, Will C. Mandeville, Sydney Deane, Alf C. Thelan and Wm. M. Armstrong, which, with a chorus of 75, fine costumes and scenic affects, make a great attraction.

The German folk play, "Die Maschinenbauer" dealing with the relations of the employer and the employed, was received at the Germania Theatre, last Sunday evening, with much enthusiasm. The principals did splendid work, as good as has been done by the company this season, which is saying a good deal. Wednesday evening, Hebbel's "Maria Magdalene" was received with equal appreciation. On Sunday next, Messrs. Heinemann and Welb, will present "Die Herren Soehne," a comedy in four acts, by Walker and Stein, and, as a departure from their usual custom, on Christmas day, will give a matinee. The offering will be Ferdinand Raimund's "Der Verschwender."

Miss Viola Allen will appear at the Olympic Theater in her great success, "In the Palace of the King," next week, beginning Monday evening. The play had its first presentation here,

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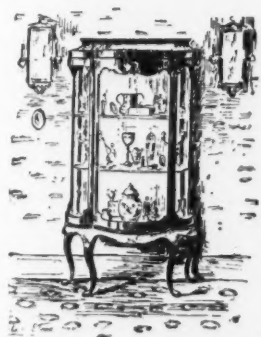
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Gentlemen's Dressers	\$30.00	Flemish Hall Chairs	\$5.00	Piano Chairs	\$6.00
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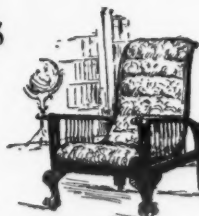
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and it has been a hit continuously since. Miss Allen's role in this play is the greatest she has ever assumed. The play is sumptuously staged. A fine company of seventy people supports Miss Allen. The play is full of spectacles and thrilling situations.

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Just now the one question oftenest heard is: "What shall I buy for a Christmas gift." One present which is ever an exceptionable one, is a handsome pair of opera glasses, or still another article sure to delight the receiver, would be an up-to-date Kodak, while the little one would think Santa Claus had indeed favored him should

he find a magic lantern among the array of other toys. All these and many other articles may be obtained at Erker Bros. Optical Co., 608 Olive street where every customer and sightseer will be courteously treated.

The two skits "The Gay Deceivers" and "Slumming in Chinatown," which form part of the programme at the Standard, this week, in the Victoria Burlesque Company, were well received. The Harpers, two negro performers, did a "turn" which elicited roars of laughter and applause. There were other good features on the bill, among which was the "Pony Ballet." The pretty girls and their effective work are very pleasing. Next week, "English Folly" Company.

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GOING TO EXTREMES: Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I see in the paper that a woman in looking after another woman, to see what she had on, fell out of the window." Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Well, that only goes to show that some women in trying to follow the styles can go too far."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Mother—"That young man has been calling on you pretty regularly, Mabel." Mabel—"Yes, mother." Mother—"Well, I'd like to know what his intentions are. Do you know?" Mabel (blushing)—"Well, er—mamma, we are both very much in the dark."—Philadelphia Press.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Covering of short lines, and a slight improvement in monetary conditions, caused stock market values to rise to a moderate extent in the last few days, notwithstanding the vagaries and weakness of Amalgamated Copper shares. The bears thought they detected some support by insiders in a few leading issues, and did not care to be "caught napping." The rally that has ensued since last Thursday did not attain important dimension. It confined itself to some stocks that are more or less closely held and, therefore, easily manipulated. The market is still a highly professional affair, with the public either an interested or disappointed spectator. Money rates rose to 12 per cent at one time, but have receded to about 6½ per cent since. It is not expected, though, that there will be any real ease in money matters until about the middle of January. The danger of a renewal of gold exports is still there. Sterling exchange refuses to down for more than a few days. At this writing, it is once more on the upgrade. Any relaxation of the monetary pressure in Wall street will at once lead to gold exports. This is fully recognized by leading financiers, and will probably be a sufficiently powerful motive to prevent any really cheap money for stock exchange purposes.

The Bank of England rate of discount remains unchanged at 4 per cent. The proportion of reserve to liability, of that institution, is slowly rising, but there are several prospective drains on its monetary resources, and this is the cause why interest rates are maintained at about 3½ per cent. in the open market. None of the important financial centers of the world is, apparently, willing to invite danger by letting down the money barriers. Any continuance of the strain in Europe will inevitably sap the supply of funds on this side of the Atlantic. Under such conditions, it does not seem likely that the leading financiers in Wall Street will care to inaugurate a genuine bull movement. Things must have a more auspicious and promising aspect before bull operators will be allowed to resume business at the old stand.

Specially strong stocks are Missouri Pacific, Atchison preferred and common, Louisville & Nashville, Southern Railway, St. Louis & San Francisco, Pennsylvania, Reading and Wabash. The last-named shares displayed marked activity of late, for some unaccountable reason. Judging by the earnings of the Wabash system, the preferred and common stocks are anything but cheap at current quotations. The preferred is, intrinsically, hardly worth more than 25, and the common about 7, yet they are now selling at 42 and 22, respectively. Where the mysterious buying power comes from, and on what it is based, cannot be determined by anybody but an insider. Here is a field for conjecture that is free for all.

The earnings of southwestern roads are showing signs of falling off. The gains are growing less marked as the weeks pass. Officials maintain their optimistic attitude, however, and declare that any losses arising from the corn shortage will be more than made up by the large increase in West-bound traffic. Some apprehension is being induced by reports of general rate-cutting in the trans-Missouri territory.

The bank statement, issued last Saturday, was more favorable than expected. The decrease in surplus reserves was considerably below previous estimates, and the re-

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duction in loans quite large. The banks now hold a little more than \$5,000,000 above legal requirements. Some of the Associated Banks are already below the 25 per cent. limit, and this caused the calling in of stock market loans about a week ago, and the sudden weakness in all leading stocks, which resulted in a drop in St. Paul to 157½, in Union Pacific to 97, in Missouri Pacific to 101, in Atchison common to 74½, in Louisville & Nashville to 102¾, in Manhattan to 131½ and Brooklyn Rapid Transit to 60¾. St. Paul was again markedly weak and acted in a very suspicious manner. It is now claimed, however, that the stock will be strongly supported on every little decline.

Another sharp cut in copper prices, and rumors of heavy selling of Amalgamated stock by insiders, led to another big

decline in the copper group. Amalgamated fell to 61⅞, on large transactions, and Anaconda to 29, the lowest prices on record for these issues. Wall street is at its wit's end in trying to account for the persistent selling in Amalgamated. All sorts of rumors are flying around, as usual in such cases, but the knowing ones have shut up like an oyster, and refuse to be pumped. The stock is now approaching a basis which justifies the expectation of a passing of the dividend. Sentiment regarding the action to be taken, within a few days, on the dividend question is divided. That there will be a reduction of the rate is generally conceded, but there are some who believe stoutly that the dividend will be passed altogether. The earnings of the company are admittedly falling off. The Amalgama-

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive Street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park " 6	A. O.	Apr 11, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" " 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" " 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" " 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" " 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" " 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" " 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103½

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment. \$452,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6.	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	105½-106½
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	60-65
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	105½-106
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113-114
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s.	1927	95½-95½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	92½-93½
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	90-90½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90-90
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$100	Dec. '01, 8 SA	303	-305
Boatmen's.	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	220	-223
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901, 6 SA	265	-270
Continental.	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	262	-263
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	294	-300
Franklin.	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	289	-295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	331	-335
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	150	-800
International.	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	152	-165
Jefferson.	100	July 01, 4p.c. SA	185	-195
Lafayette.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	525	-675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	275	-277
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	236	-240
Northwestern.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130	-150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2½ qy	333	-334
South Side.	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	120	-123
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	138	-142
Southern com.	100	July 1901, 8 SA	110	-115
State National.	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	206	-208
Tatler National.	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	240½	-242

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Colonial.	100	Forming.	222	-227
Lincoln.	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	291	-292
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2½ qy	455	-466
St. Louis.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	344	-346
Title Trust.	100	Oct. '01, 1½ qy	145	-150
Union.	100	Nov. '01, 1½ qy	378	-380
Mercantile.	100	Dec. '01, 1, Mo.	416	-417
Missouri Trust.	100		165	-166½

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s.	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.		
10s 5s.	M. & N.	2 1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s.	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s.	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's.		
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & H. St. L.		
Monthly 2p		100
do 1st 6s.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s.	J. & J.	1913 102-103
St. L. & Sub.		
do Com. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & W.L. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-115½
do Incomes 5s.		
Southern 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s.		
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	F. & A.	1909 106-108
U. D. 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 121-122
United Ry's Pfd.		
" 4 p.c. 50s	Oct. '01 1½	88½-88½
St. Louis Transit.	J & J	90-90½
		34½-34½

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	232	-233

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		19	-20
" Pfd.	100		48	-50
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Sept. 1900 1½	30	-31
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901 ½	85	-86
Bell Telephone.	100	Oct. 1901 1½ qy	150	-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2 qy	2	-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO.	128	-133
Consol. Coal.	100	July, 1901, 1	18	-19
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	126	-130
Granite Bl-Metal.	100		277	-280
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100	Nov. 1901, 1	85	-90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	40	-43
Kennard Fld.	100	Aug. 1901, A. 10.	110	-115
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Aug. 1901, SA 3½	112	-115
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	Sept. 1901, 2 p. c.	93	-94
Mo. Edison Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 6A 2½	102	-108
Nat. Stock Yards	100		51	-54
Schultz Belting.	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	17	-19
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Oct. 1901, 4 SA	100	-101
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. '01, 2 p. c.	97	-101
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139	-142
St. L. Brew Fld.	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	22	-24
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p. c.	46	-48½
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Jan. '99, 4 p. c.	41	-43
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Sept. '94, 4 p. c.	5	-25
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Dec. '95, 2	1½	-2
Union Dairy.	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72	-75
Wiggins Per. Co.	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135	-145
Westhaus Brake	50	Oct. '01, 2 qy	220	-240
" Coupler.	50	June 1901, 7½	170	-171
Consolidated.	40		40	-50

ted Copper Company is a proprietary concern; its surplus is made up of dividends paid on shares of constituent properties. The latter have, within the past few months, reduced their rates, or been prohibited from paying anything by legal process. The Boston & Montana Copper Co., owned by the Amalgamated, now holds \$1,500,000 in its treasury, to be paid to the proprietary company, as soon as a bond for a like sum, with sureties for \$3,000,000. has been filed by the Amalgamated. The controlling interests of the last-named company say they do not see any necessity of putting up a bond for \$3,000,000, in order to receive \$1,500,000. They, therefore, refuse to budge. How the interesting but complicated muddle will end is hard to foretell. In the meanwhile, Amalgamated stock continues to be the victim of the anvil chorus, and worn-out holders are one after the other falling by the wayside. The disreputable gambler in Boston is still issuing his pronouncements and recommending the purchase of the stock at present prices, but nobody is disposed to pay any attention to him. It is a most disreputable job, and one that will do great damage to legitimate speculation, if there is any speculation of that kind at all.

Foreign houses have been buying American stocks, in moderate blocks, in the past week. At least this is what Wall street oracles assert to have been the case. If foreigners have really bought, it is not likely that they did so with anything else but an eye for small profits. Besides this, it must be borne in mind that New York cliques control both the Wall Street and London markets, and that they can manipulate prices to suit themselves.

At this writing, it seems that the decline is over for the time being, and that manipulation is again being resorted to in order to lift prices several points. Purchasers should, however, be cautious and not lose sight of monetary conditions. Barring a squeeze in money-rates, the general market should be higher by the middle of January. There is quite a short interest in existence in leading stocks, and this will facilitate the efforts of bull operators.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local stock exchange prices sympathized with the new movements in Wall street. Transactions were restricted, and prices revealed a drooping tendency. Bank and Trust Company shares lost some of their former popularity; some of them dropped quite sharply, and a good many holders, whose margin had run out, had to be squeezed out pitilessly. There was a little spurt and some activity in St. Louis Transit, but it did not last long. The stock, after selling at about 32, rallied to 33½, at which it is now quoted. United Railways preferred rallied from 86½ to 88½, while the 4 per cent bonds continue dull at 90.

The new Colonial Trust stock declined from 242 to about 220, on comparatively small sales. Missouri Trust, which sold at 182 recently, receded to about 164. Lincoln Trust also lost a few points; it is now 290 bid. Union Trust is 376 bid; there are rumors that the company will soon resume dividend-payments. The Mississippi Valley has raised its dividend rate to 3 per cent quarterly; the stock is salable at 449. Commonwealth is quiet; it is offered at 345. St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are weak and lower; bonds of large denominations are offered at 93. Mining stocks are neglected. There has been a good demand

A SYSTEM OF UNITS

Globe-Wernicke

"ELASTIC" BOOK-CASE.

A Xmas PRESENT-

THAT IS USEFUL, HELPFUL, CONVENIENT, ATTRACTIVE. It promotes a literary taste and encourages the better elements in the family circle.

Begin with one or more units and add to it as your books increase. Units fitted with PERFECTION ROLLER-BEARING, DUST-PROOF DOORS. Call and see them or write for catalogue.

AN IDEAL BOOK CASE FOR THE HOME

Sole Agents for St. Louis,

Buxton & Skinner,
Fourth and Olive Sts.

for Continental National, which is selling at 260 in small lots.

Money rates are maintained at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is lower, at 4.86½; New York exchange is quoted at par.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street

THE MAIN THING: Tess—"Oh, yes, she married a man with a highly honored name." Jess—"What! I never considered 'Scadds' s highly honored name." Tess—"Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank."—Philadelphia Press.

A Holiday Hint.

As a gift for the wife, the child or the grandchild, suppose you come to this Company and open a savings account in their name. The pass book you receive from us will make a fine present. The deposit of one dollar secures a book.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. Cor. 4th and Pine Sts.

FROM DICK TO DOLLY.

ON TRAIN.

November 6.

Dear little Dolly:

I'll be in town to-night on the 8:05 train. Will see you, little one, at your aunty's.

DICK.

MIDNIGHT,
RED CROSS INN

November 6.

Dolly Dear:

I do so hate to leave you. Wasn't it romantic, too, the way we met? Beats fiction. And Dolly, dear, I feel just as you do, indeed I do. I didn't sleep an hour last night, was thinking of those great brown eyes. But you mustn't grieve, oh, no. It was dimples, you know, not tears that caught this chap and you've got me for good, you little pet.

Aff.,

DICK.

"THE ROAD."

December 8.

Dear little Doll:

A whole long month and you haven't seen me! Seems more like a year to me. Never mind, darling, six months from now—and you'll be living in New York with me. I tell you, Dolly, in all my travels, there isn't a girl that can compare with you. You've the face of a Madonna and the figure of a queen, that's what you have. You've just got me crazy, you little witch. I'm actually falling off in my sales. So don't be too attractive when we meet again, it's so distracting. See you Sunday.

Yours as ever,

DICK.

P. S.—By the way, Dolly, I think I worry the old folks and your uncle will talk about crops, suppose you meet me in the parlor of the hotel? No harm. Come now, that's a dear.

HOFFMAN HOUSE

NEW YORK, April 8.

Dolly Dear:

I'm going to get vexed with you. Don't write such foolish letters any more. Of course, there's nothing wrong. Don't pay any attention to what people say. I don't. Besides I don't think I'm to blame. Your own fault. You were over sixteen two long years over. Be a woman, dear. Not a miserable, sniveling child! No, I can't promise you anything more definite. I just can't. Fact is, Dolly, I never should have thought of marriage. I'm in no position to marry. A drummer has other irons in the fire. As for your uncle and what you say he says of me, he always was a chump! You'll excuse my bluntness, won't you, Dolly, and be brave. That's a dear.

Always affectionately,

RICHARD.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Dear Dolly:

You have annoyed me beyond measure. Please don't add to my already overburdened shoulders your pitiful tale of woe—and I'm to blame, am I? Well what of that? If it hadn't been I, it would have been somebody else, so there you are. You were, you know, awfully, pitifully weak. Yes, Rugby was right. I am going to marry Miss Miles. It's a business affair purely. She's an heiress to millions. Oh, I'm sure she won't be half so dear and sweet and

loving as my Dolly and I'll never love her one-sixteenth as much, but it has to be, Doll. All's arranged and the day's set. Try to forget me. You say that you never can, but that's what they all say. I am sure you can—and you will. With best wishes for a happy future, believe me

Your friend,

RICHARD RODNEY LAMB.

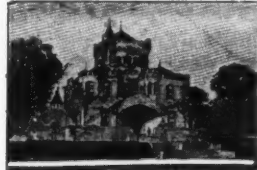
—San Francisco Town Talk.

FALSTAFF.

Lemp's Falstaff beer is as carefully made as it is happily named. Only the best materials enter into its composition, and they are blended with particular painstaking into a product that surpasses in quality the best brews of Europe and America. Falstaff beer, while light, has body to it. It is a substantial beverage, with absolutely no deleterious ingredients. Falstaff beer is not violently stimulating, but is just the draught that refreshes after exertion. Its quality is suggested in its brand name, genial and good natured to a degree. Among connoisseurs in brews Falstaff beer is the favorite at all resorts of the better class, in this city and elsewhere. It is better for the stomach than any other brew, and consequently better for the head. For ladies it is especially recommended. The William J. Lemp Brewing Company, noted for more than a generation for the quality of its output, has surpassed itself in Falstaff beer, has, in fact, achieved the distinction of giving the American people the exact beer they have been looking for as best adapted to the peculiar requirements of constitution and disposition in this country. You can get it everywhere. Ask for it!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E.W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS,
ARCHITECT



Wainwright Bldg
ST. LOUIS, MO.
High-grade Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Monumental and Municipal Architecture.
Send for 32-page book of fac-simile

testimonial letters of reference.

GERMANIA THEATER.

Fourteenth and Locust Sts.

Heinemann & Welb, Managers.

SUNDAY, Dec. 22nd, 1901.

The Grandest Comedy Success,

"DIE HERREN SOEHNE"

Comedy in four acts, by Walter and Stein.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25th, 1901,

Christmas Matinee,

"DER VERSCHWENDER."

By Ferdinand Raimund.

Sparkling Music and Scenic Effects.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.

Ice Palace

Cook and Channing Aves.

FOURTH SEASON

IS NOW OPEN

Finest Skating in America.

Music by Bromley's Band.

Admission, 25 cents.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Taxpayers will please to take notice that the statutory penalties will attach to all tax bills of the current year remaining unpaid on the first day of January next. Payment may now be made without the inconvenience caused by the rush during the last few days of the year

L. F. HAMMER, JR.,
Collector of the Revenue.

St. Louis, December 8th, 1901.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK

VICTORIA BURLESQUERS

NEXT WEEK

Rose Hill English Folly Co.

ODEON—SUNDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Direction ALFRED G. ROBYN
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:30.
ODON BORSODI, Celebrated Hungarian Violinist, will make his first
St. Louis appearance Next Sunday Afternoon.
Admission to all parts of the house, 25 Cents.

IN OLDEN TIMES
Christmas meant "good eatables."
To-day, it means both "good eatables" and good "dressing."
Choosing a turkey is hard for some men.
Choosing a tailor is harder for others.
Whatever your taste, we give you "good dressing." If you've neglected ordering your Christmas togs, don't neglect it any longer.
Suits and Overcoats to order—
\$25.00 to \$50.00.
MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,
820 Olive Street, Opp. Post Office.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,	NEXT SUNDAY
Walker Whiteside IN Robert of Sicily.	Floro= dora.
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday.	Reserved Seats on sale Thursday.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK	NEXT MONDAY
Kirke-LaShelle Opera Co. The Princess Chic	Viola Allen IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Extra Performance of The Princess Chic Next Sunday Night.	Reserved Seats on sale Thursday.

HASKINS & SELLS,

Certified Public Accountants.
30 Broad Street, New York.
204 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 30 Coleman Street, London, E. C.

ENGAGED
To Examine the Accounts of the
STATE OF MISSOURI,
CITY OF CHICAGO,
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,
OTHER MUNICIPALITIES AND MANY RAIL-
WAY, INDUSTRIAL FINANCIAL AND EDUCA-
TIONAL CORPORATIONS AND INSTITUTIONS.
WILL
OPEN AN OFFICE IN ST. LOUIS ABOUT
JANUARY 1, 1902.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The leading musical institution of America.
Founded 1853. Unsurpassed advantages in composition, vocal and instrumental music, and elocution.
George W. Chadwick, Musical Director.
Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address
FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

CRAWFORD'S

Last Call for Christmas.

Don't fool away your time looking for what you want in stores that only keep half a stock, but go direct to the Real Headquarters, where every known thing in Holiday Goods is kept, and that at the Lowest Price on earth.

Colored Dress Goods.

The very nicest and choicest kind of a Christmas present.

Skirt Patterns of 46-inch novelty zibeline cloth—all pure wool—4 1-2 yards for.....\$2.20

Skirt Patterns of 54-inch double-faced heavy Oxford gray suiting, 3 1-2 yards for.....\$2.10

Skirt Patterns of 54-inch, all-wool, gray mixed homespun—3 1-2 yards for.....\$1.75

Dress Patterns of 38-inch, all-wool, imported Covert cloth, solid colors and mixtures, 7 yards for.....\$3.15

Dress Patterns of 48-inch French paquin cord; full line of newest colorings, 5 yards for.....\$4.90

Dress Patterns of 54-inch, finest grade French Venetian cloth, 5 yards for.....\$6.95

Books for the Holidays.

Like the store in which they are, the Book Department is the biggest in the city.

Henty, Alger and Jack Harkaway books for boys, from 18c up to.....19c

Louisa Alcott's Little Men and Women series for girls.....98c

Elsie Books for girls.....80c

Handy Volume Classics, beautiful bindings; from 23c up to.....35c

Famous Library, 12 mo., gilt top illustrated.....45c

Popular Library, 12 mo., gilt top, illustrated.....25c

Teachers' Bibles, Morocco bindings; from 68c up to.....\$6.50

Catholic Prayer Books, cloth and Morocco bindings; from 15c up.

Episcopal Prayer Books and Hymnals, cloth and Morocco bindings; from 65c up.

Christmas Cards and Calendars; all the latest novelties; from 1c up.

Toy Books, Linen Toy Books, Board Picture Books; from 5c up.

Young People's Speakers, cloth binding, 58c and 68c.

Peck's Bad Boy, cloth binding, 49c.

Xmas Candies

UWANTA CANDIES.

Are as good as any 25c per lb. candy, better than most 25c per lb. candy.
40 different kinds—10c PER POUND—40 different kinds.

Assorted Caramels,
Buttercups, lemon,
Buttercups, orange,
Buttercups, fig,
Buttercups, chocolate,
Buttercups, raspberry,
Buttercups, violet,
Buttercups, strawberry.
Butterscotch wafers,
Butterscotch lump,
Cocoanut bon-bons, lemon,
Cocoanut bon-bons, chocolate,
Cocoanut bon-bons, orange,
Cream wafers, lemon,
Cream wafers, strawberry,
Cream wafers, chocolate,
Cream peanuts.

10c
PER
POUND

Cream dates, vanilla,
Cream dates, strawberry,
Cream dates, chocolate,
Cream figs, vanilla,
Cream figs, strawberry,
Cream figs, chocolate,
Fruit lumps, lemon,
Fruit lumps, orange,
Fruit lumps, raspberry,
Fruit lumps, lime,
Molasses taffy,
Cream taffy,
Strawberry taffy,
Peanut bar,
Peanut brittle,
Peanut squares,
Burnt peanuts.

Orders from out of City Shipped by Express everywhere. Large orders by Freight, Special LOW Prices given to Churches and Sunday Schools.

D. CRAWFORD & CO.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

Ladies' Neckwear

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The handsomest line of Ruffs shown in the city and by far the cheapest.

Black Liberty Silk Ruffs at 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, up to (each).....\$17.50

The nicest kind of present.

Pt. Venice Lace Collars for presents, from \$5.00 to (each).....65c

Automobile Silk Ties, from \$1.50 to (each).....25c

Stock Collars and Bows, from \$5.00 to (each).....25c

Real Duchess Lace Handkerchiefs, from \$15.00 to (each).....75c

Black on white and white on Black Silk Ruffs from \$10.00 to (each).....\$1.25

Liberty Silk Scarfs, all shades, widths and lengths from \$2.00 to (each).....50c

For Xmas.

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CHRISTMAS TOYS.

Anyone who has seen a Chinese drama knows how the admirable bareness of the stage stimulates the imaginations of the audience. The hunted and desperate hero foils his pursuers by leaping on a chair, crossing a wooden plank to a second chair, and carefully overturning the plank; whereupon his enemies, grouped around the first chair, glare at him helplessly over five feet of intervening floor, and shout their baffled rage. Anyone who has watched a child at play knows how his vigorous young fancy creates for him all the accessories of which he stands in need. The more bald and simple his possessions, the more alert his powers of imagining. The time will come, doubtless, when the Chinese theatre will be rich in pasteboard rocks and poor in vivid suggestions. The time is coming fast when the child, stupefied by the elaborate structure of his toys, will be wholly unable to play with them.

A toy should be a miniature production of something seen in life. The child will assign to it its part. There is nothing incongruous to him in dragging a train of cars and an engine by a string. From his point of view this is a natural and reasonable proceeding. He is engineer, stoker, conductor, passenger, all in one. He is also coal and steam. He could easily be a dozen other things if he had the chance. But when a little electric car runs unaided round and round a few yards of track, ringing its bell, and stopping of its own accord when its ten minutes' course is over, how is the child to act? He can only sit on the floor and watch the costly and foolish toy doing for itself what he wants to do for it. He cannot play because he cannot pretend. There is no chance for pretending with anything so odiously complete, so tiresomely perfect. He is no longer an artist in the drama, only a spectator; no longer the *deus ex machina*, only an insignificant little boy. Electricity has robbed him of his rights and left him stranded on the nursery rug.

Of all toys, dolls are the oldest and the best beloved. Eve fashioned one, we may be sure, for her first baby. Sentimentalists say that they appeal to the maternal instincts of the girl child. Observers know that they appeal to the dramatic instincts of all children. They are puppets, ready for their parts. But what is the use of a puppet that can play but a single role, and plays that by itself? What is the use of a doll that has a kitten under one arm and a nursing bottle in the other hand; and that, being wound up, turns its head, lifts its arm, and puts the bottle in the kitten's open mouth? This is the golden age of specialists, and even dolls must have their specialties; but to feed a kitten from a nursing bottle all day seems a narrow field in art. Adults who see this toy are transported with delight at its mechanism, but then adults have no imaginations. Settlers, for life, in Bunyan's sad Town of Stupidity, it seldom occurs to them that children are yet outside the walls. They pay a great deal of money to help the young ones in.—*Agnes Repplier in New York Life.*

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